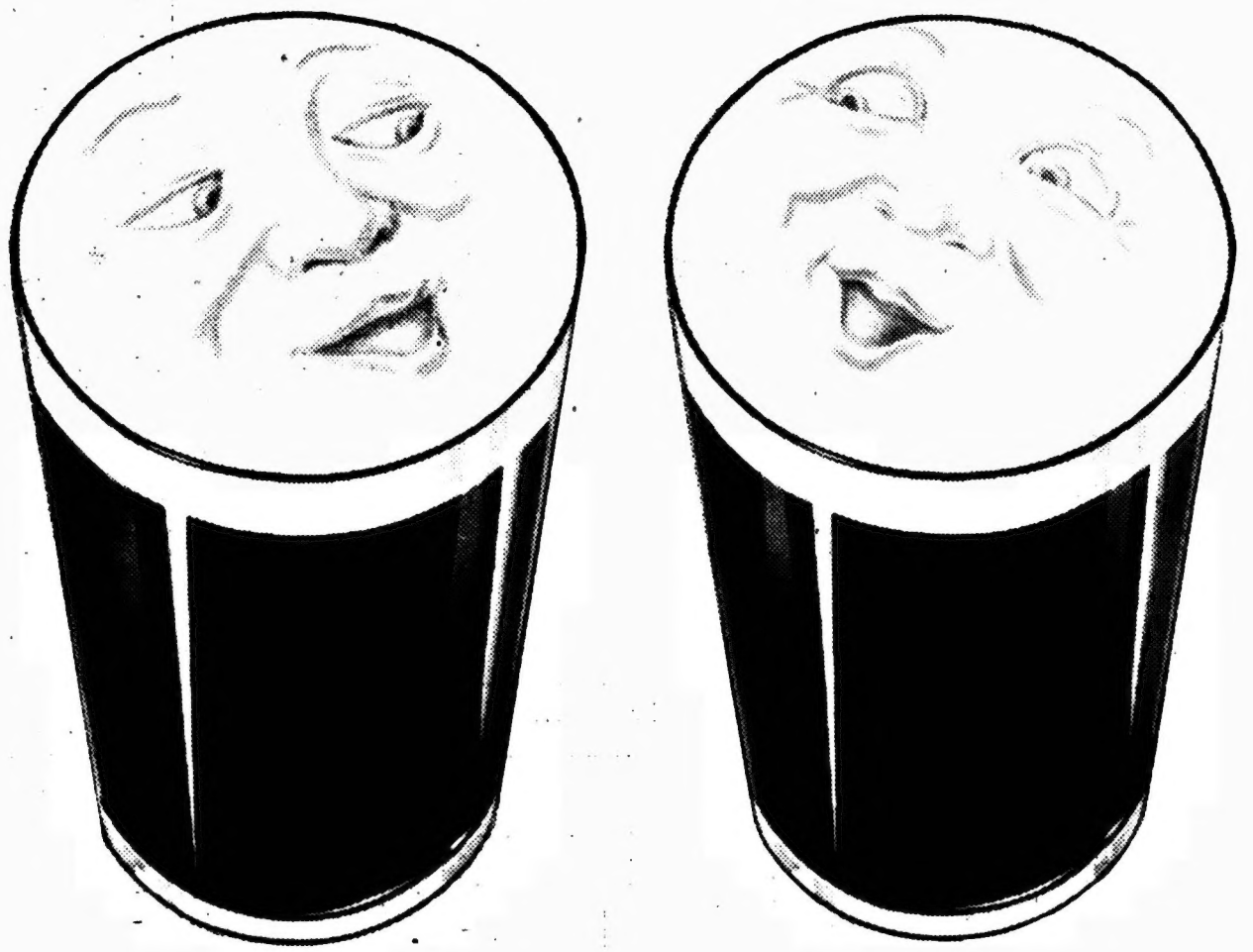
JOHN BULL, JULY 16, 1932

HOW FAR CAN A PARSON GO? SEE PAGE 7

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1361.

# JOHN BULL

## A Strong Argument



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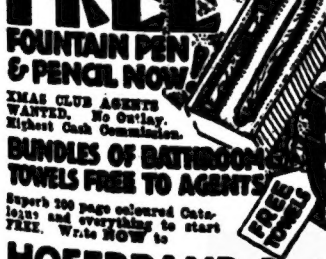

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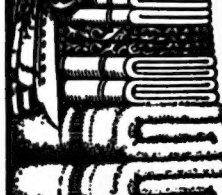

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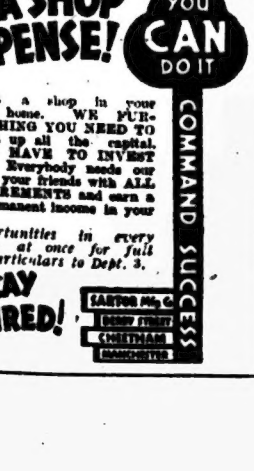

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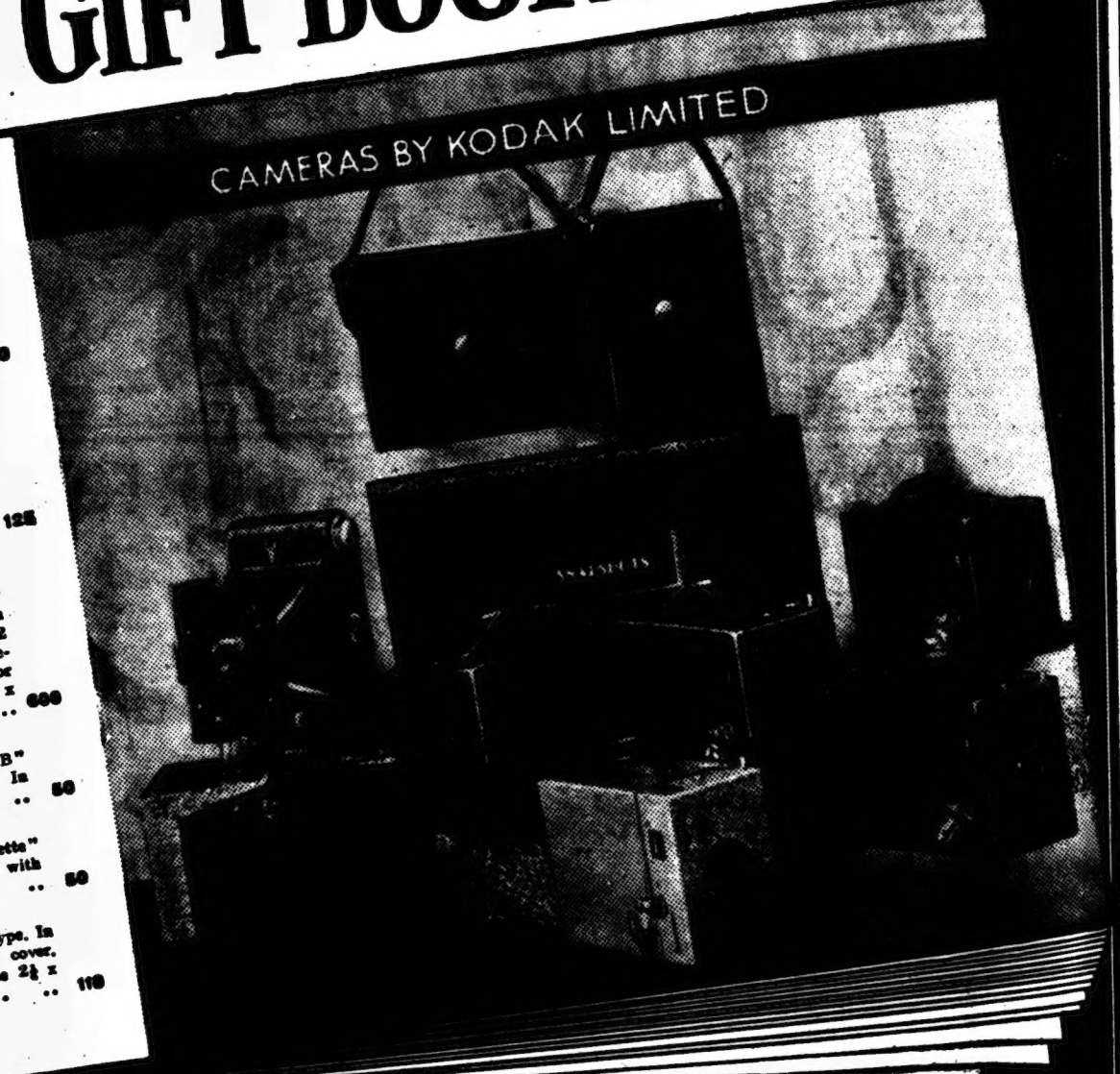


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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

# BARNEYISM

*. . . and they call themselves Bright Young People!*

IT was sure to happen.

Sooner or later it was inevitable that some sordid happening would reveal the Bright Young People in their true dingy colours to those who did not already know them.

Well, the sordid revelations have come, with the help of Mrs. Barney, and the bubble is blown at last.

All the world now knows the truth about this much-advertised "brilliant existence of the modern young set."

**It is, in fact, vicious, pernicious, vulgar and selfish. There is no glamour about it at all. Its basis is gin. It is not even modern. It is the sort of degenerate life that has been held abhorrent by honourable men and women in all ages.**

The people who participate in it are the most worthless section of the community. One of Mrs. Barney's friends, for instance, was a young man who has been photographed in effeminate attire wearing women's long white kid gloves, and a muff of flowers.

The young man who was shot in her flat, and whom she found especially worthy of her affection, lived on money she advanced to him.

Her other cocktail friends—well, we can tell what some of these must be like from the fact that certain people who claimed to be friends rang up JOHN BULL on the telephone immediately Mrs. Barney was arrested offering to "spill the beans"—at a price, of course. They were Judases as well as wasters.

WE don't think that the Bright Young People will fancy themselves quite so much after the Barney trial. It has been a show-up for the cult, and a beneficial one.

Make no mistake. There are many Mrs. Barneys to be found in this set. There are many "Michaels," too.

Mrs. Barney and her lover were representative of a type. They were unlucky in the sense that the logical conclusion of the futile existence which that particular class of young person leads singled them out as prime victims.

But it might just as easily have been some other pair of the hundreds of flabby youths and semi-hysterical girls who believe that they live smart, unconventional lives because the hardest work they ever do is to shake up a cocktail, and because they mistake their vulgar tipsiness for an interesting temperament.

In future it should be regarded as disgraceful for a young man or woman to be numbered among the Bright Young People, as after the trial of Oscar Wilde it was for a man to sport a green carnation or to go into ecstasies over blue-and-white china.

**That is the chief public benefit we can hope to derive from the Barney trial. It ought to kill Barneyism stone-dead.**

The misguided youths and girls who, with a cocktail or two inside them, have regarded themselves as "on top of the world" ought to realise now that far from being on the top they have been among the dregs.

Only their inordinate conceit has prevented them from realising it before.

For one of the distinguishing blotches of these sham Bacchanalians is their air of superiority. Witless, they pose as people of wit. Dull, they pose as gay, and imagine they live wonderful lives compared with the ordinary decent man and woman, who, in fact, they openly despise.

Well, now they should realise that the boot is on the other foot, and that Barneyism is nothing to boast about just now.

If they don't realise it themselves their parents ought to. Far too many matrons, who should have known better, have been jockeyed into allowing cocktail parties in their own homes because their boys and girls had to be "modern."

AFTER reading the Barney evidence, these parents have doubtless come to the conclusion that modernity of this sort can be purchased at too dear a price—the sapping, for instance, of their children's character.

The Barney writing is on the wall for every mother and father to read—even if the children persist in turning a blind eye to it.

But we do not believe they will. After all, Barneyism is the disease of a comparative minority. They make a great noise—chiefly with the help of gossip writers in a certain type of newspaper—but their numbers are few.

The same brainless faces and doped eyes are encountered time and again at all these cocktail orgies. The same silly girls and fellows do the same silly things week after week at the same silly places.

Our boys and girls generally are not born Barneyites, thank heaven. The greatest danger was that they might fall by imitation. And now that they have had a look into the foulness of the pit, it is unlikely there will be any fresh rush of recruits to Barneyism.

All the better for the country if it be so. These are not times when we can regard Barneyism with any spirit of tolerance.

**We have over two and a half million unemployed in this country, and many of them go hungry every week. What is a respectable artisan who has to keep a wife and family with the "dole" to think when he finds the doings of this handful of cocktail wasters and degenerates chronicled in certain newspapers as matters of importance.**

It is enough to make him think Red as well as see Red. He hasn't done so up to now, despite the provocation, and we don't think he will. It is a great tribute to his common-sense and judgment that he can, amid all his own hardships, coolly sum up Barneyism as the malodorous efflorescence of the few—a thing of contempt to all people of intelligence whatever be their station in life.

We hope that after the recent happenings it will be a long time before he or anyone else will have to endure the spectacle of Barneyism flaunting itself in our midst again.

# Trial Warning of the Firearms Peril

## New Love for Ramsay

*The Tory Diehard makes love to Ramsay. But surely the Premier will see that there's a catch in it . .*

## The Week's Meanest Woman

We are sure he will see through their little dodge and will put his foot down. The social services have suffered enough.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

*THE JUDGE: Were you told you had no right to keep the revolver without a firearms certificate?*

*Mrs. Barney: No.*

This admission of Mrs. Barney in the trial which has just ended should be a warning to all those who possess firearms without holding a licence to do so

And they should heed it They should go at once to the nearest police station and get a licence or surrender their firearms.

### *She is lucky*

Mrs. Barney is lucky—she might have been charged with an offence under the Firearms Act. And so might anybody else who is found in illegal possession of a firearm

It is no good their pleading ignorance of the law. That is no defence at all, and will not save them.

### *Thousands given up*

Few of us realise how many people are in unauthorised possession of firearms.

It is no secret that no fewer than two thousand weapons are surrendered to Scotland Yard every year, and thousands more are unaccounted for.

In nearly every case where a charge is brought the offender is only discovered by accident.

### *It must stop*

In the recent "Helen of Troy" case at Cambridge, the husband of Mrs. Place was found to own a revolver without a certificate, and was fined as a result.

And when Alfonso Smith, in the "Stella Maris" trial at Maidstone five years ago, was acquitted of a murder charge, he was discovered to have a revolver and was sent to prison for twelve months for carrying it with "intent to endanger life."

The indiscriminate possession of unlicensed firearms is a public danger as well as a personal one. It must stop!

### *In love again*

Once again the Premier is in high favour with the Tory Diehards. There's a very good reason.

The Tories want these savings to be made in the social services—they are adamant about that.

The reason is that, whatever benefits result from the Reparations agreement reached with Germany at Lausanne, the Government will have to make further drastic economies at home in the autumn.

### *Unpopular cuts*

They know that such "cuts" would be extremely unpopular, and they know of no one better to do this thankless job than the Premier. Hence their new love for him.

### *On the rates*

There is no doubt that the Government will soon be forced to give relief to the areas where unemployment is heaviest.

The enormous increase in the number of people receiving assistance from the rates is driving many towns to the point of bankruptcy.

The Minister of Health admits the position is alarming.

He must take action before the onset of winter makes it worse.

### *Save our children!*

A delegate to the National Conference of Maternity and Child Welfare complained that the proposal to economise on maternity clinics left her cold.

It leaves us cold, too.

The 2,500 clinics in Great Britain have resulted in better health for mothers and babies

And the next thing the Ministry of Health should do is to see that the valuable knowledge gained in the clinics is made available to the general body of medical men.

### *Watch Harman!*

In February we predicted the coming downfall of Martin Coles Harman, the most spectacular financier and manipulator of millions since the War.

Our article was considered highly sensational and aroused widespread comment.

Shortly after, Harman was ordered by Mr. Justice Clauson to pay £145,563 which he had used in breach of his duties as a company director. His appeal against this decision has now been dismissed.

We shall watch his future with great interest

### *Here's their chance*

It is alleged that foreign factories established in this country are working girls fourteen hours a day.

There are enough Home Office inspectors to populate a town.

Here is a job for them to do instead of wasting their time and our money by harassing British factory managers who are doing their best to observe the law and look after their workers.

### *Monstrous injustice*

Give British women a fair deal!

Those who have married foreigners and have returned to this country to make their homes here are subject to incredible humiliations.

Police supervise them. They have to register. They are not allowed certain insurance and pensions benefits. They have no votes.

A Bill has just been introduced to put this right. The House of Commons should push it along and see that it becomes law.

As quickly as possible.

### *Brothers in arms*

There will be a new Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet at the end of the year, when Admiral Sir John Kelly retires.

His successor, we understand, will be his brother, Vice-Admiral Sir Howard Kelly.

This will be the first time on record of one brother immediately following another in command of our Fleet.

### *One too many*

Why not feeding-bottles and nurses for the Test Team that is going to Australia?

It would be just as sensible as sending two elderly managers with them.

Surely one manager who knows his job is enough! If there is a berth to spare, wouldn't it be a better investment to send an extra player?

It will be a pleasant trip—but we want the Ashes

### *They're winning*

The parsons are playing a wiser game—and they're winning.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted Sunday games. He doesn't believe in driving people to church by denying them the right to go elsewhere.

The Vicar of Pottet's Bar, Middlesex, takes a cricket team to service in the morning and plays cricket for them in the afternoon. Another parson, in the North, gives hikers tea on his lawn in the afternoon, and many go to church with him in the evening.

### *Play fair!*

Let the Manchester minister get his £1,500 as a "common informer" against boxing promoters. Let the Ealing killjoys lock up the children's swings on Sunday.

The awakening parsons will beat them all. But if they're "sports," we ought to be "sports," too.

If we bowl the vicar for a duck in the afternoon, let's help him with his hymns and collection in the evening.

### *Shock for them*

The mine owners have just been given a bitter pill. The sooner they swallow it, the better.

One of them, Lord Castlereagh, M.P., told his fellow owners the other day that they should get the advice and assistance of the Miners' Federation in reorganising the industry.

Another M.P. owner said they were splitting the whole industry.

This has needed saying for a long time. And no one could say it better than owners themselves.

### *"Not as other men"*

Is self-righteousness a necessary preliminary to a boys' cricket match?

On the eve of the Eton-Harrow fixture Dr. Norwood, the Harrow headmaster, publicly congratulated himself "that this year Harrow had escaped the unenviable notoriety of other schools which had undertaken collective journeys to games contests."

Not a very sporting advertisement of the Eton troubles. And a quite unnecessary one.

### *Joy-riding aldermen*

The Minister of Health is on their track.

He's keeping a close watch on the aldermen and councillors who go from one seaside resort to another, at the public expense, to attend conferences.

Already some councils have been told to cut down the number of conferences to which they send delegates. If they don't, the Government auditor will disallow the expenditure and make the councillors themselves meet the bill

We could do with more of these methods.

### *A rich drive*

Many hospitals are clamouring for sweepstakes. But Nottingham General Hospital is replenishing its coffers without them.

During the past year it has raised over a thousand pounds by whist-drives.

Other hospitals should remember that whist-drives are legal.

### *Trust abused*

The meanest woman of the week is Louisa Vidler, of Whitehaven, Cumberland.

Formerly matron of a children's home she forged an application for repayment of a Savings Certificate, held in trust for a child under her care.

The magistrates described this as an abuse of trust and robbery.

We agree.

The only redeeming feature of the case is that she is a first offender.

### *Time flies*

Ten years is a long time to quarrel. But not for public bodies.

This time it is between the Government and the Liverpool Corporation, who are to fight in the Law Courts a battle (over a housing subsidy) that began in 1921.

Whichever side wins, the public will pay for it

### *Dictatorial doctors*

The doctors of Denmark Hill, London, should think again.

And so should the King's College Hospital.

The hospital has withdrawn a scheme for the treatment and accommodation of the middle-classes at inclusive charges because the doctors, fearing the loss of their patients, opposed it.

That is doing trade by dictation. Let the hospital authorities brace up their wobbling knees and put the scheme through.

The patients are the people who matter.

### *Gone down*

Some months ago we exposed the impudent scheme of Geoffrey Kimber for muleting parents of £100 fees paid as premiums for their sons' editorial positions on *Modern Youth*, a weekly periodical which existed only in Kimber's crafty brain.

Last week, at the Old Bailey, Kimber was sent to prison for eighteen months.

Once again we have pleasure in noting that a rogue has been brought to justice with the help of JOHN BULL.

### *Fancy names*

Congratulations to the man we used to know as Sir Robert Hutchison.

Having been made a peer, he is going to call himself Baron Hutchison.

A good idea. For why run away from your real name?

What a chance "F.E." missed! Viscount Smith! Think of his multitude of followers had he been content to be the Smiths instead of becoming a Birkenhead!

### *A long sleep*

To find the descendants of Rip Van Winkle, go to Eastbourne.

At the last meeting of the town council a motion to allow Sunday games was declared not carried, though there was a majority in favour. It was said that a standing order required a majority of the whole council.

Now it has been discovered that the standing order has been illegal since 1882, though many decisions have been made under it!

So somebody has been asleep for fifty years.

# How Far Can a PARSON Go?

by
The Rev. DONALD SOPER
*(the famous Wesleyan Preacher)*

*"I get very close to everyday humanity . . . I do not wear my dog-collar, and I'm sure that is a help."*

THIS is a problem which has to be faced by every minister of the Gospel: How far must he take part in the everyday life of those to whom he ministers? Can he afford to stand aloof? If he dare not stand aloof, must there not, nevertheless, be a limit of discretion?

Surely there must be a limit. All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. • And, moreover, when St. Paul said so, and told us to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," the phrase "all things," I need scarcely say, does not apply to sins.

However, we are talking of knowledge, and, since we are all sinners, and know ourselves capable, but for God's grace, of the worst of crimes, no sane man will think it needful, or even permissible, for a clergyman to sin on purpose in order to be able to understand and sympathise with the sinner.

To suggest that it is permissible to sin for experience sake is sheer poisonous nonsense, which you may think is not worth while contradicting. But I think it is worth while. I think we should keep the absurdity of this extreme case in our minds when we are considering more debatable points of conduct.

## *The quarrel*

PEOPLE generally are thinking and talking a good deal of this problem just now, and largely on account of two cases recently reported in the Press. I shall refer to only one of these two cases by name.

There was a quarrel at a theological college, at Bristol, between the principal and a number of the students, on the question of whether or no students should be allowed to frequent the kinema and the public-house, to play billiards, to dance, and to indulge in mild flirtation.

Consider the dreadful deeds one by one! The kinema. Well, I have my own kinema. And what the public kinema is like depends to a great extent on the interest which Christians take in it.

The kinema may be a quite tremendous instrument for good—or for evil. If we ministers stand aloof and let it go to the devil we are to some extent responsible.

Then the public-house. Now, I am a total abstainer—not primarily because I believe that a glass of beer would permanently injure my inside, but because I am sure that strong liquor stands in the way of the Kingdom of God.

Yet I visit public-houses. I know the useful side of the tavern, I know that sometimes it is the poor man's club, and I have the confidence to believe that it will be the better and not the worse for my presence.

But this would not be true if I were a roaring companion—that would be a shameful blot upon my cloth. We read of our Great Example that He was seen in the company of winebibbers, but not that He was a winebibber Himself.

The case of the tavern is typical. I should never get close to my people unless I understood the atmosphere of the public-house. I should lose all influence with my people if I identified myself with that atmosphere.

As for billiards, the lads play at my club. And as for dancing, I arrange and take part in dances, and I am my own M.C.

For I contend that dancing is one of the finest recreations in the world, and that under proper conditions it is one of the most innocent.

## *When flirtation damns*

I DO well if I attract young people to my dances, instead of leaving them to drift inevitably into the more dangerous environment of the public dance-hall.

As a great man once said: "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?"

But when we come to the last taboo which caused the split in the theological college, I have to confess that I don't know what is meant. "Mild flirtation"—what is that?

I can picture mild flirtation which would be harmless whoever was the mild flirt; I can picture mild flirtation which would be harmless in the case of the average young man, dangerous in the case of a theological student, and damnable in the case of a clergyman.

So far as the theological student is concerned, the point is this: Is the mild flirtation merely a biological necessity of adolescence? Or is it a conscious emotional experience?

The embryo clergyman is a man, and therefore cannot avoid having the feelings of a man, though he *can* control those feelings. He is a man, and for that very reason he must beware of indulging in that emotional experience.

But when you come to the full-fledged minister, flirtation is literally damnable.

Some really good women have a weakness for the dog-collar, even when, as in my case, it is only used for State occasions. And the silly vanity which is in all of us might tempt a man to be flattered—though, as I have said, it's the dog-collar, and not the man himself, that is adored.

He might be tempted to say: "I will use this rather foolish devotion to an individual for a religious purpose." And you and I know quite well what the end of that self-deceiver would be.

But, disregarding my flock, and thinking of those in the highways, whom I am ordered by my Master to compel to come in, what of them?

Well, as many of my London readers know, I have a pitch on Tower Hill, which is by way of being both a highway and a byeway, and there I get very close to everyday humanity in its everyday moods.

I do not wear my dog-collar, and I'm sure that is a help. I am confident that I can get to know the point of view of the folk who gather there without going to the lengths of drinking with them in public-houses.

Fellows?—well, yes, the majority of the crowd on Tower Hill are men and lads. But I have some good friends there too among the women, though I don't go off drinking with them in a public-house. And they are jolly decent women, too.

You see here we are going off into rather another line of country. It has been maintained lately by a clergyman that, in order to rescue fallen women from their desperate calling, it is right and proper to go drinking with them. I am certain that he is absolutely wrong.

I do believe most fervently that a clergyman who hides from the world, the flesh and the devil behind a barrage of prayer-meetings is precious little use as a minister.

I may explain here that I do not regard myself as a priest, but as a helper—I should be glad to be known as a little brother of the poor, in the same sense that St. Francis was.

## *Afraid—for myself*

AND so I try to go everywhere, to experience everything, and where experience is out of the question—as in the case of unemployment—to live among those who suffer, and to learn their point of view.

But hobnobbing with unfortunate women in public-houses is quite another matter.

I am not unacquainted with these poor women, for I am a prison chaplain. I have every sympathy for them, and I hope that sometimes I am able to help them.

If I drank with them in taverns I could not help them at all. *And I could not help myself.*

For a minister is 99 per cent. man and only 1 per cent. clergyman. And if I went drinking with women I should feel afraid—desperately afraid—for myself.

How can a clergyman be such a fool as to think that he can answer the lure of the flesh to this extent and no further? How dare he think so?

I agree that for a clergyman to sit in a tavern is not wrong. I agree that sitting in a tavern with a woman is not theoretically sinful, although I am certain it is definitely unwise if not actually wrong. A clergyman must consider, not only his own innocence, but the reputation of his cloth.

But to drink with fallen women in public is not merely or mainly reprehensible because of the slur on the cloth; the chief thing against it is that it is a deadly danger to the clergyman himself.

I ask any such clergyman to examine his own conscience. Are his motives in undertaking the adventure quite unmixed?

No! The whole argument smacks of special and specious pleadings.

And, really, when I think of the throng of unemployed at my hall at Islington—it holds 500, and it was filled as soon as I opened it to give them refreshment, entertainment and rest—when I think of that terrific problem, this other seems quite insignificant. Who *would* go drinking with strange women when there are all these bodies and souls to be saved?

# From the FOUR

# JOHN BULL'S GUIDE to OTTAWA

THE Ottawa Conference—the most momentous in the history of the British Empire—opens next Thursday.

* * *

It's *your* conference. You are one of 450 million people living under the Union Jack who will be affected by its decisions.

* * *

It hopes to hammer out plans to develop, as they have never been developed before, the almost unlimited resources of the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

* * *

The method? By pulling together as all members of a good family should.

* * *

A "call to action" by the King will inaugurate the conference. A happy augury, indeed. His Majesty has inspired us to some of our greatest efforts. We remember his part in restoring peace in Ireland.

* * *

From then on, we are promised, it is going to be a "hard-work" conference—not a politician's excuse for a holiday.

* * *

It will sit six days a week, and there'll be long sessions, too. And so it is hoped to end it in a month.

* * *

There'll be no heavy dinners, and few substantial lunches. Indigestion has been the real opposition at many conferences. The Empire's statesmen are going to try meeting over light teas as a change.

* * *

There will be 285 actual delegates, although this gives no idea of the conference's size. Advisers will number hundreds, and staffs and secretaries will bring the total to thousands.

* * *

The Chateau Laurier, Ottawa's biggest hotel, has filled its 525 bedrooms and refused more than two thousand reservations. That shows how big it all will be.

* * *

The Indian representatives will have a wing of this hotel to themselves. No one will say there that you can never get good curry in a British hotel.

* * *

The "watchers" on behalf of foreign Governments — Governments naturally perturbed at the idea of the Empire closing into a still closer family—applied too late for accommodation in the big hotels. They will be found in the private hotels and boarding-houses.

* * *

Yes, the whole world is watching Ottawa. Nothing the Empire has ever done before has attracted such world-wide interest. Fifty foreign journalists have arrived already to tell their countries all about it.

* * *

They'll have to do it over Empire channels of communication. British labour has laid land-lines from the conference halls to the points from which British cables and British wireless stations will send the news to all points of the compass.

* * *

Even their letters will "go British." Throughout the conference aeroplanes will meet British mail ships at Belle Island, Newfoundland, assuring a four-days' mail to Europe—the fastest on record.

* * *

All the delegates concerned are already Ottawa-bound—and the big army that is going to represent the various trading interests, banks, and associations of the Empire as well.

* * *

But no bricks, please. All the camp-followers are paying their own fares. Even Lord Hailsham's secretary intends to pay his and treat the conference as his annual leave. —And he is an essential, and no camp-follower.

* * *

Seven Cabinet Ministers lead the United Kingdom delegation of more than a hundred. As they all say they mean business, let's give their names.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin, leader; Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Treasury; Lord Hailsham, War Secretary and legal assistant; Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions; Mr. Walter Runciman, Board of Trade; Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Colonies; and Sir John Gilmour, Agriculture.

* * *

"Workers only" is their motto. They have said "No" to scores of departmental chiefs who wanted to go. There's never been so much champing at the bit down in Whitehall.

* * *

Heads who felt they had a perfect right to go have been told that their country cannot spare them, and that a typist is being taken instead. Not all of them find flattery a good substitute for a trip to Canada.

* * *

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister should get the special economy medal. He will spend sleepless nights over the many negotiations he must carry out on behalf of the Crown Colonies, yet one Parliamentary Secretary and one departmental chief will do for him.

* * *

The English, South African and Indian delegates left yesterday on Britain's new ocean challenger, the Canadian-Pacific's *Empress of Britain*.

* * *

All-Empire crew, All-Empire food, All-Empire wine, All-Empire music and All-Empire films, all the way across.

* * *

Although it is a floating conference, room has been found for the British Olympic Games team. Heaven help the athlete who thinks he needs any foreign preparation for his training on the All-Empire ship!

* * *

The boat will bristle with typists and clerks engaged by the shipping company.

* * *

There will be five times the normal staff of wireless operators—for the ship will be in constant telephone communication with both sides of the Atlantic night and day.

* * *

And every man will sleep next to a telephone—a telephone that will ring at any hour.

* * *

Every Minister will have a card telling him where the Prime Minister and others who are left behind will be at certain hours of the day and night.

* * *

"Number engaged: shall I call you?" or "I'm sorry, there's no reply," simply will not wash with the people on the conference ship.

* * *

Several of the South African delegates will be able to tell our Cabinet Ministers war experiences on the way over—as fighters for the Boers. The leader, Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance, was several times wounded by British bullets. And now he is going thousands of miles to help make Britain "mightier yet." Times change!

* * *

The Indians, led by Sir Atul Chatterjee, will find Indian food and drink suitable to Indian creeds and palates on board. And in Canada, as their home draws near, they are rounding up a herd of Empire goats to provide milk for the Brahmins.

* * *

Don't be surprised if the *Empress of Britain* wins back the speed record across the Atlantic on this trip. She has it in her—if the Fates are kind.

* * *

Mr. Moffat, Premier of South Rhodesia, a nephew of David Livingstone, has taken a route that has enabled him to fly over Central Africa. He wanted to see the ground his uncle was the first white man to tread.

* * *

Two hundred politicians will look enviously at Mr. Moffat—a Prime Minister for ten successive years now.

* * *

It was weeks ago that Auckland gave a send-off to Mr. Coats, Minister of Public Works; Mr. Stewart, Minister of Finance, and all the experts on men

# CORNERS of the EARTH they come . . .

airy produce, manufacturing, fruit and arming that New Zealand is sending.

* * *

Mr. S. M. Bruce, coming over from ustralia with Mr. Gullett, Commonealth Minister of Trade, and the big rray of representatives of farming, anufacturing and banking interests, as given a long and affectionate farevell. For he is to come to England as ustralia's resident Minister in London hen Ottawa is over.

* * *

The Irish Free State delegation, under Ir. Sean T. Kelly, Minister of Local overnment, sailed from Belfast on the *aurentic*. It was just a matter of conenience. There is no political signifiance attached to it.

* * *

Wherever they come from, however ey travel, the Empire's envoys will all ut foot on Canadian soil at the spot here Wolfe landed his men for the istoric attack on Quebec.

* * *

The interests of every part of the mpire, small and big alike, will be atched at Ottawa—whether it is rich nough to send a special representative r not.

* * *

Even Tristan da Cunha, our loneliest utpost, visited by only one ship a year its Pacific isolation, will have a uardian eye watching for it at the conrence.

* * *

Some men will speak for the families acked like sardines in the hearts of our reatest cities. Others for lonely settlers hose next-door neighbours live a hunred miles away. A strange Empire, ura.

* * *

They have got 13,909,782 square miles speak for in all—if figures convey nything.

* * *

Every country will have somebody watching the interests of every industry. For instance, English producers of corn, flour, wool, cotton, canned goods, motor-cars and meat will have as many as six experts each at the conference.

* * *

Behind each representative of an industry stands the decision of hundreds of leaders in that industry — leaders for whom he has been sent to speak.

* * *

And in addition to them there are our general industrial experts, like Sir Gilbert Vyle, Lord Weir and Sir Alan Anderson; and our trade union leaders like Mr. Walter Citrine and Mr. J. Bromley.

* * *

It would take a column of JOHN BULL to give the titles of organisations represented—columns to give the names of people.

* * *

There will be wives in plenty—but not one of them will be transported or fêted at public expense. Not even Mrs. Baldwin, Lady Hailsham, Mrs. Runciman and Mrs. Thomas, who will accompany their Minister-husbands.

* * *

The presence of wives may make some people think this is another holiday at the public expense. They would be wrong this time.

* * *

The first week-end will be the only long week-end the delegates will have. During it they will attend the only social event yet arranged—a modest garden party in the historic grounds of Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, the Earl of Bessborough.

* * *

Ottawa is desperately hot in July as a rule—another reason why the delegates should not eat heavy dinners or undertake arduous holiday-tours.

* * *

A beautiful city, Ottawa. One of the prettiest capitals of the world. "The City of Flowers and Parks" they call it in Canada.

* * *

With a population of 126,000, it is no bigger than Derby. Yet, surmounting as it does a cluster of hills where three rivers meet, it looks as proud a city as Edinburgh.

* * *

Two-thirds of it is English. The other third would make you think you had taken a day-trip to some pretty French town.

* * *

Strange to think it is little more than a hundred years old. It was in 1827 that Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, pitched his camp there because he thought it necessary to build a canal in case America ever attacked.

* * *

Bytown, they called it at first. Then, in 1827, Queen Victoria showed excellent taste by choosing it as Canada's capital.

* * *

From most parts of the town the delegates will be able to see a distant cauldron of silver mists—the spray of the Rideau Falls. The early French settlers called it that because it resembled a curtain.

* * *

That should be delight enough for the visitors—although, in view of modern electrical development, they will want to go out to see some of the harnessed waterfalls. Within fifty miles of Ottawa there is more natural power than Niagara could be made to yield.

* * *

And fishing. They should be able to catch plenty of salmon in one or other tributary of the St. Lawrence, Canada's mighty 2,000-mile river, in their one day off a week.

* * *

Then one would allow them a visit to the Lake of St. Lawrence—"the lake of a thousand isles." That is unforgettable grandeur.

* * *

There will be beauty enough to be seen from their hotel, the Chateau Laurier, if they can't spare any time to travel. It overlooks Ottawa's most gorgeous parkland.

* * *

The Parliament building, in which the conference will be held, is a Gothic pile surmounting Ottawa's most beautiful hill. It looks down steep, tree-gowned slopes to one of the most entrancing river scenes in Canada.

* * *

It stands on the site of the building destroyed by fire in 1916—an Empire tragedy that we remember vaguely because it was overshadowed by the far greater tragedy of the War.

* * *

The conference itself will be held in a hall as serene and mature as that of a baronial mansion—the Senate Chamber. But there will be meetings *in camera*, and a committee-room will be jealously guarded for that purpose.

* * *

The conference was Canada's idea. That's why it's being held at Ottawa. No better place could have been chosen.

* * *

Its rugged grandeur seems to exemplify the determination of the Empire. Its silver rivers seem to point a shining way to greater things than we have achieved in the past.

* * *

Here the Empire must decide its fate. The meeting-place is all right. The rest is up to the statesmen!

*Australian, Canadian Indian, Briton—theirs is a common objective. The Empire lumberjack and the factory worker of the Motherland alike set out in spirit for Ottawa*

# DO YOUR ZEPP Flights MEAN...

## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to DR. ECKENER

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Do you stand for Progress or Barbarism? Are your Zeppelin flights a projection into the future of civilisation, or do you and your kind represent what some people mean by the end of the world?

I saw you, a few days ago, on the terrace of the Kurgarten Hotel, the building in Friedrichshafen where your former chief, Count Zeppelin, worked hard at his plans.

A few hours later, I followed you into the *Graf Zeppelin*, in its vast shed, and then, after only a few minutes of waiting, we sailed into the upper air, as placidly as a swan. We flew across Switzerland, right across France, over the Channel, above the Thames Estuary, and then, by way of the Tower Bridge, high over London.

Only a few years ago, when such a flight was made, anti-aircraft guns boomed out, all the way, while, on its Journey of Death, the Zepp dropped bombs.

Women by the thousand rushed for shelter. Lights, everywhere, were extinguished and the world cursed you and your kind.

* * *

The other day, when we travelled, it was only the animals who ran away. They do not understand air travel yet. They see a shadow like a big sardine moving over the ground. They hear a whirr. They wonder, and they run—yes, cats, and dogs, and chickens, and horses, and sheep, and cows.

And, now, the people stare up. In France, they glare sullenly, but they look. In Germany, they cheer. In Switzerland, they gaze with admiration. In England—well, they wonder and marvel at the power that passes over them.

I once hated the word Zeppelin, as did half the rest of mankind. Now I know that your daily flights, when you carry passengers as, not long back, did the old *Skylark* at Brighton, are continued proofs that man, who conquered the land thousands of years ago, and the sea centuries of years ago, is now Master of the Air.

"Go for a sail, sir!" they used to shout on the sands. Now, they invite you to an aeroplane flight.

Yet, I once saw you standing, bareheaded, at Cardington, beside the great grave of the *R101's* many dead. No, we have not conquered yet. . .

Meanwhile you, starting from Friedrichshafen, have, in four years, carried 13,000 passengers on the *Graf Zeppelin*, charging them anything from £20 to £40 a day. You have taken them across the Atlantic nearly a dozen times—yes, and round the world! You have flown them over the sun-parched Sahara and dreary Iceland.

A flight across the Alps is, to you, an afternoon's stroll.

Many people ask whether you should come to London. They won't have you over Paris. Once, when you flew round the French capital, they were so angered that you have never been again. At Croydon, the other day, when you flew near French aeroplanes passengers turned away!

Some people are stirred to feelings of anger, even in England, when they see you pass. Yet the Boy Scouts come out and haul your mooring ropes, and English people pay for flights.

I salute the great Comradeship of the Air. I have listened while air experts of Britain, and Germany, and Spain have, in your Zeppelin, discussed with frank friendliness not only the air raids of the past, but the air journeys of the future.

I went through the Zepp Museum, where there are bits of all the Zepps that were ever built—and the one you command now is No. 125—where there are photographs of their journeyings and models of the different Zepps and the laurels that Count Zeppelin won and cups and medals—yes, and memorials of the many dead.

Near by is a hangar where I saw being started the next great Zeppelin, twice the size of the one in which I travelled.

It will be History's greatest whale—and it will float in the air as placidly as a balloon when there is no wind.

My own view is that the *Graf Zeppelin* is a bond of union between the countries of the world.

It does not matter, in the end, whether a German invented the airship as it is, or whether George Stephenson, a Briton, invented the steam engine. Nor does it matter much, nowadays, to what race belonged the savage who first stood on a log in the river and that, one day, a *Berengaria* and a Hamburg-America liner might both be built.

In the end, Knowledge is the heritage of mankind.

Hannen Swaffer

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN,**
*Newcastle-on-Tyne*

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Boys can't run away to sea at twelve nowadays as you did, but they can all follow the advice you have just given them on your eighty-fifth birthday.

"Take advantage of your adversities," you say, "for they will give you more experience and knowledge than successes."

This is the spirit that made Britain great—the spirit, too, that will pull us through our present troubles.

JOHN BULL.

**RECORDER of SALFORD: You found that a prisoner had done his best to go straight, but was dogged by an old five-year sentence. You put him in care of Mr. Richardson, a tradesman, who will give him another chance. We need more men like yourself and Mr. Richardson. —JOHN BULL.**

**Mrs. KAY,**
*Hornchurch, Essex*

DEAR MADAM,—It is not your fault that your husband is a brute and is deservedly in jail for killing a dog.

You shouldn't have to endure, as you are doing, the wicked persecution of anonymous letter-writers.

These people are just as much brutes to you as your husband was to the dog, and a dose of his punishment would do them good.

JOHN BULL.

**Mrs. ANGELA CASEY,**
*Guernsey*

DEAR MRS. CASEY,—Yours is one of the saddest cases I have heard.

You are only nineteen, and your husband, who is in hospital, does not support you. Your family cannot afford to keep you and your two consumptive children, and you abandoned one of them.

For this you have been sent to prison for a month with hard labour. You have my sympathy, and I wish the magistrates had found a more helpful way of dealing with you.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir MARLAY SAMSON,**
*Swansea Stipendiary Magistrate*

DEAR SIR,—In imposing a fine of £2 and costs on Colonel F. W. Smith, a superintendent of Glamorgan County Police, for striking a telegraph boy three times in the face, you said you did so with great reluctance.

Why?

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JACK WILSON,**
*Shoreham, Sussex*

DEAR JACK,—When your aeroplane crashed at Newhaven, you, a youth of nineteen, clambered out of the wreckage and, though injured, wanted at once to go up in another machine to preserve your flying nerve.

You had to leave in an ambulance instead. But there's no doubt about your air-mindedness, and your nerve is all right.

Happy landings in future!

JOHN BULL.

**REGINALD HAROLD PEET,**
*Leicester*

CAD,—You have already served fifteen terms of imprisonment, but none could have been better deserved than the sentence of six months just meted out to you.

You swindled an unemployed man of his last five shillings on the pretext of finding him work, the limit in callous meanness.

JOHN BULL.

**General HIGGINS, Salvation Army: Welcome home from world tour. Hear you made New Zealand's Premier, Leader of Opposition and Conservative leader, join you in quartet. Trust you'll find same harmony here.—JOHN BULL.**

**THOMAS MATTHEWS,**
*Kingston-on-Thames*

MATTHEWS,—You called a little girl out of a gipsy school and beat her so severely that she had to stay in hospital for a week.

Fortunately, the schoolmaster went to her rescue and knocked some of the savagery out of you.

Better still, Mr. Justice Goddard's sentence means that you'll do no more beating for the next four years. I wish all judges would follow his example and send such ruffians as you to penal servitude.

JOHN BULL.

**JAMES TERRY, East Grinstead: Though 91, you applied for a job, but they said you were too old. Still, for your spirit alone you deserve to be 91 —not out.—JOHN BULL.**

**Mr. FRED EDEN,**
*Abram, Lancashire*

DEAR FRED,—"You behaved as a Lancashire miner generally does," the Leigh coroner told you when he heard that you dived repeatedly to the bottom of a canal and brought up two boys just a little too late to save their lives.

I need add no words of mine to such a splendid tribute.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. REGISTRAR FRIEND,**
*Clerkenwell County Court*

DEAR SIR,—Explaining the water law of London, you said, "It might surprise you to know that you have no right to give a man a glass of water even if he came to your door in a gasping condition."

No peculiarity of the law surprises me. But I should be surprised and shocked beyond expression if anybody in such circumstances did not flout the law and be proud of it.

JOHN BULL.

**The MARQUESS OF ZETLAND,**
*Chairman, National Trust*

MY LORD,—A few hours before they were unveiled by the Prince of Wales, the commemoration pillars on historic Runnymede were found to be disfigured with creosote and tar.

It is difficult to imagine a more senseless outrage. As the Prince remarked to you, "it was a blackguardly thing to do."

Whatever the motive, all decent people will regard the offenders with disgust. What a pity they can't be treated with their own medicine!

JOHN BULL.

**MR. ERNEST STEVENS,**
*Elmley Castle, Staffs.*

DEAR SIR,—I much admire your munificence in giving the children of your village a playing field equipped with amusements.

You recently presented a mansion and park to another village, while Stourbridge is to be provided with a maternity home at your expense.

Such examples of public spirit are especially welcome in these hard times.

JOHN BULL.

# What About DAD?

by A. G. Gardiner

*"Father has come down from his high horse"—and surely he is a better man for it*

THE question whether the father of to-day is an improvement on the father of the past was the subject of a sharp controversy at the Maternity and Child Welfare Conference in London a few days ago.

Dr. Geffen has no doubt upon the point. His answer is an emphatic affirmative. And as he is the Medical Officer of Health for Enfield he should speak with knowledge.

His assertion is that, whereas ten years ago fathers took no interest in maternity and child welfare, nearly every clinic to-day is benefiting by their assistance. "Hosts of fathers," he says, "are now interesting themselves in the work and are striving with the mothers to maintain the health of the nation."

It is good news and, I hope, true news.

But Councillor Mervyn Payne denies that it is true. "The general ignorance of men as to the needs of their women-folk during and after child-birth is really appalling," he says. "It is comparable with the ignorance of women themselves on these subjects twenty years ago."

If I think the evidence of Dr. Geffen the more convincing, it is not simply because I want to think so, nor because his professional experience gives his opinion the greater weight.

It is because the whole relations of fathers and children have undergone a revolutionary and beneficial change within the life-time of this generation, and I see no reason why that change should not extend, as Dr. Geffen says it does, to the cradle.

## Father unbends

It is the universal experience that father has come down from his high horse, and is not the autocrat of the household, but one of the family, *primus inter pares*, if you like, but no longer the despot he was in the past.

Whether the change is voluntary on his part, or whether it is due to the new conditions of life and the revolt of youth, is irrelevant. Probably it is the result of many influences.

But the fact is there and it is a fact to be welcomed.

I have said that the revolution has come within the life-time of this generation. There are plenty of us still living who were born under the old dispensation, pictured so powerfully and re-bellently in Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son."

It was a dispensation which had come down from primeval times in which the warrior male was the undisputed monarch of the household and the women and children were not merely his dependents but his serfs.

In the Paston Letters, which give us the most intimate picture that exists of the family life of the fifteenth cen-tury, we find the women of the house-hold, wives and children alike, address-ing the head of the family in terms which could not have been more humble if they had been addressed to the Almighty.

## Rule of the rod

Anything like easy equality of inter-course was undreamed of and discipline was maintained by flogging to a period of life which to modern ideas sounds incredible. Even grown-up daughters were subjected to corporal whipping without apparently any sense of shame on the part either of father or child.

The brutality and the savagery of the schools was only a part of the penalty of the crime of being young and help-less. Children were thrashed into obedience at home and they were thrashed into obedience abroad. If they were tough they survived, if they were weak they perished. Coleridge has left us a picture of the fury of Bowman, his master at Christ's Hospital, which makes one's blood run cold.

And if they escaped from the horrors of the home or the school they only fell into the more cruel horrors of in-dustry.

The history of the "Industrial Revo-lution," written by Mr. and Mrs. Ham-mond, is saturated with the tears of generations of children herded in fac-tories, starved and beaten, driven to their death in the dreadful occupation of climbing chimneys. Even kindly parents saw nothing wrong in the en-slavement of children.

I remember that grand old man, Dr. Clifford, telling me how at eight years of age he was sent into a factory at six o'clock in the morning and tended bob-bins until six in the evening and alter-nate weeks worked from Friday morn-ing until Saturday morning without leaving the factory.

"Yet," he said, "my father was a good and kind man who loved his children. But he had been brought up that way himself and it did not occur to him that there was any other way of bringing up children."

The lucky children were those who perished; and they perished like flies. The birth-rate was three times what it is to-day, but the death-rate was ter-rific.

Even thirty years ago it was no un-common thing for the infantile mortality in industrial towns to reach 250 per 1,000. And of those who survived, multi-tudes carried into adult life the afflic-tions incurred in the hell of their child-hood.

I do not know whether fathers are better than they were, as Dr. Geffen says, or as bad as they ever were, as Councillor Payne says. But I know that the social conscience is better, and that it no longer tolerates the infamies which were the commonplace of the past.

I know, as Clifford said to me, that to-morrow morning there is not a child in England that will be summoned by the factory bell to work far into the night. I know that there has been a revolution in the home, a revolution in industry, a revolution in all our standards of life and social values.

It is not only woman who has been emancipated, but still more the child. The father has come down from his pedestal and the child has been installed in his place.

There was never a period in the history of human society when it was better worth while to be born into the world than to-day, and if the test of civilisation is its care for the welfare of the coming generation, then I think it cannot be denied that we are at last becoming a civilised community.

There are those who think that the pendulum has swung too far, and that the new freedom of youth threatens the discipline of home and the stability of society. And they point to the follies of the Bright Young Things as the fore-shadowing of social disaster.

## Better for him

I do not share that fear. I do not share it, because I think that these follies carry with them their own remedy. They are the froth and the scum on the social surface, and though they bulk big in the Press, they do not represent the real current of the Youth Movement.

The spirit of that movement is not to be found in the occasional scandals that fill the columns of the newspapers, but in the general standard of conduct in our streets and our homes, in the in-creasing sobriety of the young, the en-thusiasm for wholesome recreation.

In ceasing to be the despot of the family, the father has become the com-panion of his children, and he is finding that he likes the new relationship better than the old.

In that new co-operation of the ex-perience of age with the zest and adventure of youth is the best assur-ance of the future.

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**NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Mr. Harry Stow tells of his Duties in**

# London's Softest Job

IF Harry Stow you do not know,
Such ignorance but goes to show
That public service rarely earns of
fame its proper share;
For not that famous Pooh-Bah, who
Of varied jobs held quite a few,
For civic versatility with Harry could
compare.

As special constable I now
And then appear to make my bow,
And to the City coroner I'm officer like-
wise;
As licensing official, too,
My duty I contrive to do,
And as a beadle I behave with tact and
enterprise.

But in addition to all these,
I manage in spare time to squeeze
Another set of duties, though their pur-
pose is not clear;
For, when not otherwise employed,
I, with discretion unalloyed,
Act as Official Taster of the City's ale
and beer!

As may be well imagined, I am too full—er—I mean to say, too fully occupied, to add the work of a publicity agent, either for myself or for anybody else, to my other duties. So it has come as a surprise to me to find myself figuring in the Press.

For some time I have been a special constable, a licensing officer, a coroner's officer, and beadle of the Company of Coachmakers, and I trust that in the exercise of all these delicate functions I have behaved in a manner worthy of a beadle and a gentleman.

But what seems to have attracted the attention of the frivolous, not to mention the envy of the bibulous, is my appoint-ment as one of the four official ale-tasters—"ale-conner" is the correct description—of the City of London.

London is one of the few places that has official ale-tasters, and our duties, as set forth in ancient documents, are "to ascertain that the beer sold in the City is wholesome and that the measures in which it is given are fair."

The services of an ale-conner are assessed at £10 per annum; so it will be seen that, although I might wax fat if I too conscientiously performed the duties of my office, I will not wax fat on the stipend attached to it.

Actually, much of the work once per-formed by ale-conners is now done by the Excise and the weights-and-measures de-partment. But the official theory is that an investigation of the City's beer is con-ducted four times yearly, each investiga-tion occupying fourteen days.

According to the law, I can enter any public-house to test the quality of the ale; but in actual fact I have never done so, nor have my fellow ale-conners.

The public announcement of our moderation in this respect seems to have caused blank incredulity among those who drink delight of battle with their beers, the following being typical of the communications it has called forth:

Sir,—In ther pipers I 'ave read of 'ow for many a year
(Officially) you've never once so much as tasted beer,
Although you can at any pub call in at any time!
Does this mean that you 'ate the stuff? If so, it is a crime!

To me it seems a shockin' waste of oppor-tunity;
Likewise neglect of dooty, all right-thinkin' blokes agree.
Per'aps it is rank poison that they're offerin' for sale—
Until it's prop'ly tested 'oo can tell if it is ale?

So I'm writin' this to say as 'ow I'm willin', if you like,
To do ther work you're paid for—since you seem to be on strike.
It is not for filthy lucre that I'm askin' fer ther job,
But out of public spirit.—Yours respect-ful, BOOZER BOB.

**POST YOUR FILMS to WILL R. ROSE** *and get* **MAGNA PRINTS**

*(The prints that are magnified)*

6½ × 3 from No. 2 Brownie size - 2½d. each
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Developing 6d. per spool and helpful advice as usual. "MAGNA PRINTS" reveal detail and beauty unseen in little pictures. You need not pay in advance, a guarantee of your satisfaction and the efficiency of WILL R. ROSE.

*Write for List J.B. of my photographic service.*

**WILL R. ROSE**

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*Oxford - - - 133/4, High Street.*
*Cheltenham - - 28, Promenade.*

*Over 60,000 receiving stations—your pillar box one of them.*

# *Has* No Ugly Hair Now

"I had become completely discouraged by a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. Then I found the NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the

hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The New White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

**FREE.** By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 33F), Cunard Rd., Chase Estate, London, N.W.10

**£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3**

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**DUNLOP MAGNUM** BALLOON TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
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Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

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**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.**

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# *"I always choose it"*

**THE ideal summer beverage is cold "Ovaltine." It is much more than a delicious and refreshing drink. It prevents you from becoming easily tired and lacking in energy during the warm weather.**

**These ingredients are combined in scientific proportions. The plant used in the manufacture is scientific and ensures that all the vital elements of the ingredients are retained in the finished product.**

**Remember that the light dainty meals you prefer in summer contain insufficient nourishment to renew the energy you spend so freely in outdoor sports and games. When "Ovaltine" is your daily beverage the lightest meal is made complete in nutritive value. It is brimful of the nourishment that re-creates energy and it enables you to enjoy the glorious summer days without being fatigued.**

**The nourishment "Ovaltine" so richly contains is extracted only from the finest English malt, fresh liquid milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.**

**"Ovaltine" contains no added sugar. Combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost are not comparable to "Ovaltine." Sugar costs only 2d. to 3d. per pound, and to add a large percentage to "Ovaltine" would not be compatible with the high quality that is always maintained by this supreme tonic food.**

**This delicious beverage is easily prepared by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and mixing for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.**

# 'OVALTINE'

*The delightful* **COLD** *Summer Drink*

*Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.* P 832

# Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

*Full steam ahead on the great Conversion Scheme. There are a few shady financiers who seem to think that it has all been arranged solely for their benefit*

# War Loan: A WARNING

THE nation-wide interest aroused by the War Loan Conversion Scheme has moved numerous financial crooks to launch schemes of their own for defrauding the investing public.

A great conspiracy is afoot to flood the country with circulars urging investors to shun the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme in favour of "more remunerative" propositions cunningly devised by very dubious financiers.

These circulars are already being rushed through the printing presses, but I am fortunately in a position to publish a timely word of warning which I hope will baulk the conspirators' plans.

It is intended to distribute the circulars through various "outside" stock and share dealers—that is, brokers who are not recognised by the Stock Exchange Committee—so I advise my readers to look with disfavour upon any proposition put forward in this way.

They should have nothing to do with any such offers without first of all getting expert advice.

I happen to know that, though the Conversion Scheme is only a few days old, the share-pushers have grown so active that Col. Sir H. Turnbull, C.M.G., Chief of the City of London Police; Mr. W. L. Green, Secretary of the Stock Exchange Committee, and certain important officers at Scotland Yard are watching their operations very closely.

## *Look into this—*

A concern whose affairs need a thorough investigation is the British Investors' Association, Ltd., of Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C.—the centre of some of the greatest financial operations in the City.

Pinners Hall is an address which carries prestige, for it houses some of the finest companies, which represent the essence of security and safety. Financial crooks who succeed in establishing an office there are clever indeed.

I say at once that the highly named British Investors' Association, while boasting lofty aims, commensurate with its address, has for months past been a concern of the most dubious character.

At one time the British Investors' Association was a stable concern, highly respected in the City. The value of past prestige of this kind to unscrupulous share-pushers will also be realised.

The British Investors' Association has not been slow to exploit this past reputation. The people behind it, more recently, have kept on old clients who have benefited by sound advice given by the original firm, and have sought thousands of new clients.

But they have told neither that any change has been made in the management.

To-day, I am sorry to say, the British Investors' Association has countless dupes who are represented by all classes, inexperienced investors and level-headed business men alike having been deceived.

The fine early reputation and the impressive address, coupled with the convincing policy of the firm's own financial newspaper, *Market Notes*, have thrown the most cautious investors off their guard.

On the surface, *Market Notes* appeared to be a first-class paper. Its financial news seemed informative, sound and well written, and I note that it strongly deplored the employment of travelling touts.

No person on its staff, it declared, was permitted to call upon clients "under any pretext whatsoever."

Indeed, with fine self-righteousness, it reminded readers that "House-to-house touting of shares for sale is improper, and, in fact, illegal."

But did they practise what they preached? I fear not. During recent months the British Investors' Association has been deliberately doing the very things it affected to deplore!

Glib-tongued representatives have been touring the country on a most barefaced and fraudulent touting campaign.

Where they have been challenged, apropos of the newspaper's emphatic statements about touting, they have pretended that they are not canvassing, but aim at bringing about greater efficiency by answering clients' queries for them "as so much more can be said at a personal interview than by letter."

## *Glib tongue*

A provincial reader was visited some time ago by one of the association's eloquent hirelings, having been first primed by circulars relating to a dazzling prospectus of a company called Visiontone Talking Pictures.

In the present absurd state of the law a personal canvass which follows a circular is deemed legal, so the tout in this case could give his tongue full rein.

So brilliant was his discourse, and so impressive were the documents he carried, that this reader was drawn into the net as dozens of other clients have been.

The most impudent assertion made by the caller was that the talking picture shares in a £300,000 company were very valuable and would leap in price within a few days.

By investing now some very handsome profits could be assured, and in this belief the reader handed over £1,000 worth of gilt-edged municipal stock for shares which later proved to be worth nothing like the value they had been represented to be.

The experience of another client from Durham, selected at random from those cases before me, is typical of many.

An original client of the association in its sound days, he was unaware that the helm had been taken over by share-pushers of the worst type.

The Durham client, for instance, was induced to part with all the gilt-edged securities he possessed, and to reinvest in a concern called the Power Oil and Mining Corporation.

The association kindly converted his good stock and reinvested the money in 25s shares. At least, that is what the client was charged: actually they were not worth a penny!

Countless other people, approached in a similar way, have likewise been defrauded, and I find that several firms of solicitors have latterly been obliged to threaten the association with legal action on the ground that clients' money, running into many thousand pounds, has been obtained by the most objectable means.

I may cite one more case that is of particular interest where an investor, after agreeing to invest in the Power Oil and Mining Corporation, was also persuaded to put further moneys into Provincial and Foreign Investments, Ltd. The latter is a Canadian venture and its shares are unmarketable over here, so he lost his cash in both cases.

## *Be on your guard!*

On one occasion the association excelled itself in audacity, for with solicitors and clients growing suspicious, it craftily printed in its *Market Notes* an attack upon "unauthorised" share salesmen.

It pretended that these individuals were misusing the association's good name and, armed with faked letters, were adopting "nefarious" methods to bamboozle investors.

I hope that the Director of Public Prosecutions, who will find that the City police are now receiving complaints, may be able to take action at once.

At the same time that investors note this warning they should be on their guard against the flood of circulars that will shortly be broadcast in connection with the impudent conversion scheme now being hatched by numerous "outside brokers."

# How My Readers Help Me

I RECENTLY asked readers to communicate with me if they had by any chance been offered positions as moulders in Australia, and the prompt response enables me to expose an impudent scheme for robbing unemployed men of savings they can ill afford.

The bait consists of a pretence that a foundry foreman is required by an Australian firm, and that passage will be arranged for a suitable applicant, who must be experienced in the production of high-class castings in iron, steel, and brass.

Strangely enough, application has to be made to a Mr. Marshall, at 43, Park Street, Hyde Park, Adelaide, South Australia, but acknowledgment comes on paper headed "The Australian Engineering Company (Foundry Department)."

* * *

The heading and everything else is typewritten—and not too well typewritten, either.

All who have applied have been told the same thing—that their application has been accepted as satisfactory, but that they must wait until a representative visits England to interview them.

This representative is said to be due to arrive in August, and will be empowered to make all "final arrangements."

Meanwhile all the successful applicants are promised contracts at £300 a year, with prospects of increases and allowances to cover all expenses.

It all sounds very well, but a snag is revealed at the end of the letter in a request for a deposit of £1 as a guarantee of sincerity, payment of which will entitle the applicant to have his name placed upon the Australian Engineering Company's "Engaged List."

Deposits have to be sent, not to the firm, but to W. S. Marshall, "Secretary," at 43, Park Street, Hyde Park, Adelaide, South Australia.

And Mr. Marshall particularly wants English Treasury notes, because, the letter ingenuously adds, "postal notes or money orders are difficult to exchange."

Apart from the questionable business style of the writer, the fraudulent nature of this impudent letter should be obvious, as no reputable firm would demand a registration-fee as a condition of employment.

The Adelaide directory shows that 43, Park Street is the private house of W. Marshall, who is described as a moulder, and there is no mention whatever of the Australian Engineering Company.

I have brought all these facts to the notice of the Australian authorities in London, who assure me that a report has been sent to the Adelaide police. There is therefore no doubt that Mr. Marshall will be appropriately dealt with.

* * *

This investigation affords a striking example of how JOHN BULL, with its million and a half circulation, can, thanks to the splendid co-operation of its readers, gauge the extent of any swindle within a few days.

I only wish Scotland Yard had similar facilities.

# WAR LOAN CONVERSION

## —an essential and decisive step towards Better Times

# MAKE SURE OF SUCCESS

## —from the very start

**SWIFT and unanimous action on the part of all the holders of 5% War Loan is the country's urgent need to-day. Your countrymen are watching, the world is watching, confident that once again British courage and patriotism—British determination to deal thoroughly with the problem of the day—will triumph. Do your part in making sure of success by applying *NOW* for conversion of your War Loan.**

## What the Conversion means to Britain

Already the announcement of the scheme has electrified markets, stimulated business, brought new hope of better times for the whole community. Upon the success of this Conversion depends one of the greatest economies ever attempted by any Government—a net saving of £23,000,000 every year. It means immediate relief to the Exchequer, permanent benefit to British industry, and definite progress towards the provision of increased Employment.

## What it means to you as a holder of War Loan

Some sacrifice? Of course. Every British Citizen from the poorest upwards has been proud to make sacrifices for the common good in time of need.

But remember this—as an investor, as a taxpayer, as a citizen, you have everything to gain by the success of this great enterprise. In the new 3½% Loan you will have a British Government Security, on which the full interest is guaranteed you for 20 years without interruption. *And if you apply now you will, in addition secure a*

## CASH BONUS OF £1 PER CENT.

### payable within 14 days.

## FILL IN YOUR FORM AND POST IT TO-DAY

If you have not received your application form, get one from a Bank, Stockbroker or Post Office

# POLICEMAN Branded as a Lunatic

*MISS ETHEL JAMES, a member of the Ipswich Town Council, was a magnificent friend of Brewster in this terrible case*

HERE is an incredible story of a man officially labelled as an idiot by the tyrannical Board of Control although he has proved his sanity repeatedly and is actually serving in the police force.

The man is P.C. (81R) Bertie Cecil Brewster, of the Ipswich Constabulary.

After twelve years' captivity in an asylum and outrageous supervision while on ticket-of-leave, Brewster has just been given his freedom by the Board of Lunacy Control.

But the Board of Control has not removed its grip from him voluntarily. It did so at the eleventh hour, thus averting the disclosure in the courts of the scandalous work carried on by the Board's agents throughout the land in imprisoning for life great numbers of young and healthy people.

It is many a long day since this merciless Board gave up one of its victims with such celerity. The almost panicky eagerness with which it has at last restored his liberty to Constable Brewster will be understood from the facts of his astounding case.

In consequence of a mishap at birth, Brewster, who is now twenty-six years of age, had no power in his feet for his first nine years of life. Unable to stand or walk, he had always to be wheeled, and could not, of course, attend school.

## Child's reprieve

This provided a splendid opportunity for a Board of Control representative to tag a fresh child-prisoner for his official masters.

A boy without education is a backward child, and a backward child, in the eyes of the Board of Control, is a mental defective fit for a place in one of its asylums.

So, when he was seven, plans were made for the removal of little Bertie Brewster to a lunacy institution.

The Great War had then begun and before the certificate for the child's detention was signed, the official in charge of his case was called up for service.

Bertie was reprieved.

The papers relating to his case were cast aside and completely forgotten for the next seven years. Such is the amazing lunacy administration of Britain.

In the interval, Bertie Brewster had not only been wholly cured of his physical disability, but had made up the ground lost at school and grown into a fine, upstanding youth.

At the age of fourteen he had left school and was earning 15s. per week as a chemist's assistant.

## A great find!

But now the lunacy officials had also come back from their war-time jobs.

Searching among their ancient records, these officials unearthed the seven-year-old and abandoned case of Bertie Brewster.

What a glorious find!

A forgotten victim waiting somewhere to be plucked and put away!

His parents were interviewed in Ipswich and, under interrogation, they stated that on occasions Bertie had been quarrelsome with his brothers and sisters.

That might be said of almost any child. But it was a good enough excuse for the officious agents of the Board of Control. "Violent and a danger to his family," they recorded.

Next they used the talk with which they trick so many working-class people who have no knowledge of the lunacy laws.

They told the father and mother the usual story about placing their boy for a short period in a lovely country home for the sake of his health and training him in profitable work.

On these pretexts the parents signed

*P.C. Bert Brewster, of the Ipswich Police*

the usual document put before them, little knowing that they were consigning their boy to a possible life-sentence.

A few hours afterwards, fourteen-year-old Bertie Brewster, whisked away from his home and employer, found himself in a Colchester asylum.

The authorities had, of course, to adduce some evidence that their prisoner was of unsound mind. To obtain it, they asked him at the asylum to narrate the records of famous cricket and football players and to describe the status of members of the Royal Family.

Bertie's answers were not, in their opinion, satisfactory, and he was condemned to be confined.

That was twelve years ago.

After lingering for years in the ghastly asylum, Brewster was one day allowed to go home for a short holiday.

He determined to use the opportunity to defeat the Board of Control and to prove to it that he, at least, was not the idiot in the case.

He saw a private doctor, who declared there was not and never had been anything wrong in his mental state. Within a week he found first-class employment and when the lunacy authorities demanded him to return to the asylum he defied them.

## Dogged

They compromised by giving him ticket-of-leave, but warned him that if he did not submit to certain conditions he would be quickly arrested and put back in the asylum.

The conditions were that Brewster must—

Never be out of doors after 8 p.m.

Never change his abode without official sanction.

Never leave the town.

Never go away for a week-end or a holiday.

Never go to a kinema unless accompanied by his parents.

Never enter licensed premises.

Never have any women friends outside his family.

Never marry.

To see that these conditions were rigidly observed, women mental welfare workers followed him in the streets and called regularly upon his relatives and, to their annoyance, upon his employers.

Applications to the Board of Control to cease this outrage were only met with the reminder that, in law, he was still an idiot out on licence and liable to be put back in the asylum at any moment.

The "idiot" next pondered upon things which had not been forbidden him.

He offered himself as a soldier of the Territorial Army and was passed by the military doctors as sound in body and mind.

Then, as a bolder stroke, he presented himself at the headquarters of the Ipswich police and asked to be allowed to join the force.

The police doctor examined him and found him faultless. He was tested by the chief constable and senior superintendent and accepted for service, being sworn in by the Mayor of Ipswich himself.

Brewster was given his uniform, his brassard, a whistle, a truncheon, and a pair of handcuffs, and eventually he went on public duty.

His superiors never suspected, and none of the public who saw this stalwart and capable-looking young officer in the streets could have guessed, that he was a person officially regarded as of unsound mind and actually on ticket-of-leave from an asylum.

One day, during a recent election, Constable Brewster was on patrol and entered the polling station. The voting clerk happened to be a lunacy official and the constable was recognised.

There was panic in officialdom when the facts were investigated.

Lunacy officers rushed on frantic errands between London and Ipswich. They were in a dilemma.

For twelve years they had held Brewster as a mental deficient. Now their own prisoner had outwitted them by becoming a police officer with the testimony of police and army doctors that he was sane and normal.

Brewster himself paid a visit to London for independent examination by a celebrated mental specialist, who certified *that he possessed great intelligence and should never have been in a lunatic asylum.*

## Board surrenders

The young man took this final step because the lunacy officials were actually endeavouring to have him discharged from the police force or relieved of duty. If they had succeeded in this sinister intention, the facts would have been laid before a judge of the High Court.

With exposure imminent, the Board of Control has now surrendered, and Brewster, after twelve years' imprisonment and surveillance, is a free man.

With colossal impudence and for a reason which we do not attempt to guess, he has been officially asked by letter still to keep in close touch with the Board of Control's agents and to notify them of his movements.

Constable Brewster would be an idiot to do anything of the kind.


## *Free—the Golden Film Star Album*

A dazzling Presentation Golden Treasure Album and an extra gift of three NEW sepia, glossy postcards!—this is the wonderful offer made by the *Picturegoer*, Britain's Screen Magazine.

The postcards of Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and, of course, Clark Gable, are real photos—they have never appeared in postcard form before.

Write at once to: *Picturegoer* Gift Dept. J.B.1, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for full particulars of this magnificent Treasure Album. Applications must be received by July 23.


*The Human Machine*

## The Big Things

*STRIVE how we may, we can't always avoid things going wrong. We can't always prevent life getting awry.*

*But we can avoid getting discouraged when things don't go right. We can keep our sense of values properly adjusted, retain a sense of proportion and a sane point of view. We can avoid squinting at life.*

*After all, material success and material gain are not a sound measure of the human soul. The things that matter, the things that are the real test of a man, are not always seen or appreciated by the outside world.*

*Material success can be achieved by fraud and trickery almost as readily as it can be got by honesty. It is no safe criterion.*

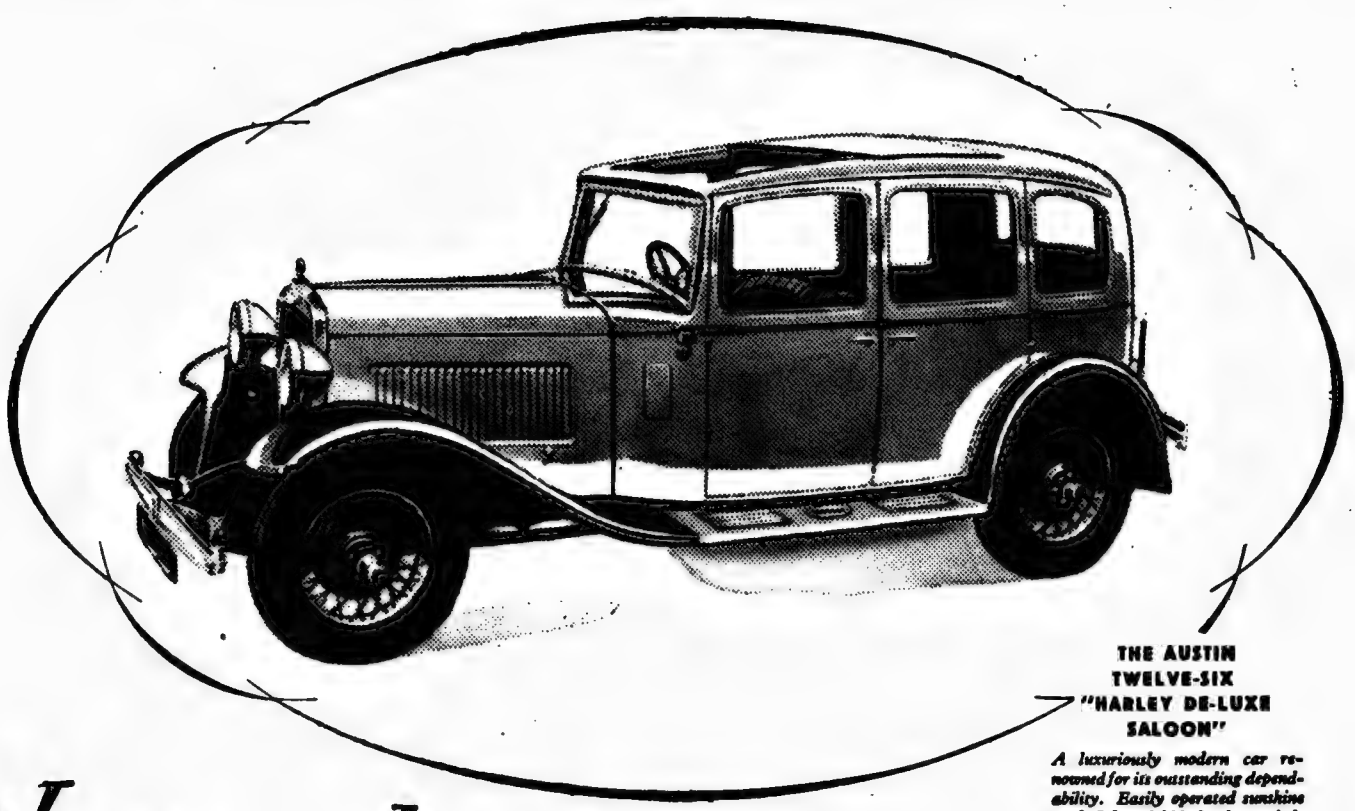
*But no trickery can secure love and friendship. No fraud can build loyalty and respect and happiness. If there is an acid test of what a man is making of life, surely this is it.*

*Archbishop Trench once said:*

*"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,*
*Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain.*
*There is no failure for the good and brave."*

*And John Ruskin wrote with profound truth: "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."*

*That man is living life best who does the hard thing because he must, though it would be less trouble to do something else; who behaves like a man, though it would be simpler to play the coward. Those are the big things.*



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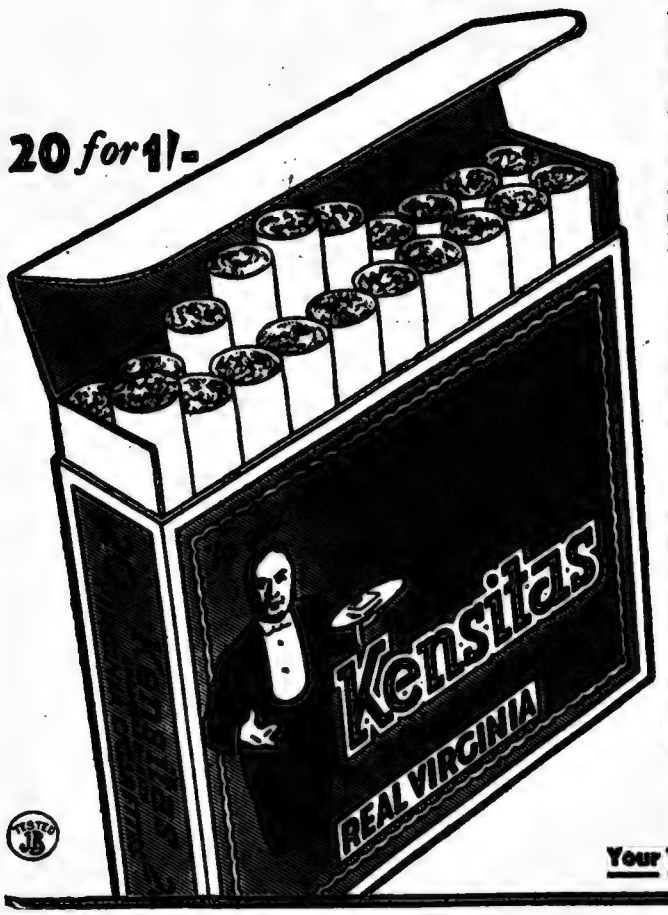
**LIST PRICE £235**

# *Your chances increase!*

## NOW ONLY 5 PACKETS TO ENTER

AN AUSTIN A DAY IS GIVEN AWAY FOR A 20-WORD OPINION OF

# KENSITAS QUALITY




Everyone is saving KENSITAS entry forms! It's just the opportunity you have been waiting for! *Now*, there are TWO ENTRY FORMS in every packet of KENSITAS Twenties. And, each entry form has a place for two words—*it only takes five packets of Twenty to enter!* Complete rules are printed on each entry form. Easier! Faster! Your chances have been doubly increased!

Just write 20 WORDS—NO MORE—NO LESS. It may win you a brand new Austin Car *absolutely free!* Every day (except Sunday) an Austin Twelve-Six De-Luxe Model is given away for the best twenty-word statement describing the quality and merits of KENSITAS Cigarettes.

You'll find the whole competition simply explained in every packet. In addition to the mellow, cool flavour of twenty KENSITAS Cigarettes, you get TWO ENTRY FORMS starting you on your way toward an Austin Car—just like the ones awarded the winners listed here.

*To date 138 cars have been awarded—a car a day—every day—no wonder everyone is saving KENSITAS entry forms!*

**SIX MORE WINNERS**

**Car No. 133 Mr. W. M. BOND**
Civil Engineer,
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**Car No. 134 Mr. A. F. LIDDLE**
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Camelon, Falkirk, Scotland.

**Car No. 135 Mr. J. E. BUTCHER**
Warrant Officer,
The Gordon Highlanders,
Castlehill Barracks, Aberdeen, Scotland.

**Car No. 136 Mr. G. J. OGG**
Clerk,
3 Emerson Road, Bishopbriggs,
Nr. Glasgow, Scotland.

**Car No. 137 Mr. J. M. HAMILTON**
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"The scientific elimination of harsh impurities preserves the fine flavour of Kensitas and definitely prevents throat irritation even when inhaling."

**"With ULTRA-VIOLET Rays"**

**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough**

# The Quack Miracle Man

WHEN a self-styled "faith-healer," calling himself Pastor F. A. S. Chilton, appeared in the Northumberland village of Newbiggin a few months ago, we expressed the opinion that he was a man to be shunned.

That we were more than justified is now clear in the light of new developments; and a more stringent warning is necessary to save countless sufferers in all parts of the country from being shamefully imposed upon.

For Pastor Chilton has grown suddenly ambitious. He is no longer content to address insignificant village audiences; he proposes to build his own temple; to found a college for training young pastors to take over a group of thirty or forty churches, and to launch a "Great Revival."

Already he has conducted a preliminary campaign at Tynemouth, and he presides over what he is pleased to term "The Nazarene Assemblies." He also owns a newspaper, the *Revival News*.

He claims to have performed "marvellous healings" and "outstanding miracles" among people who have flocked from all parts, including London and Birmingham. "Lame made to walk; blind made to see; dumb made to speak; deaf made to hear" are a few of the slogans with which he exhorts sufferers to come to his meetings.

Copies of the *Revival News* which are before us purport to contain specific instances of "cures" effected by the pastor.

"Miracles do happen to-day" announces one headline, while a report of a meeting, held at Blyth, declares that the hall was besieged by thousands.

## Pence of the poor

At Tynemouth he has conducted upwards of ten meetings a week. Pathetic scenes are witnessed nightly. Parents with crippled and stricken children, adult sufferers from dread diseases, the lame, the blind, the deaf and the dumb flock to him in hopes of cures.

They pay their pennies and shillings into the collection plates that are always in evidence. They sing choruses from hymn sheets that are sold in the hall, and listen to the pastor's wild exhortations.

As for his alleged "cures," we have yet to find one case that is supported by medical evidence. Those that we have investigated, however, speak for themselves.

There is Miss Jane Dixon, a nineteen-year-old girl who lives at North Terrace, Bedlington, who the pastor claims to have cured when she was deaf and dumb.

## Mother's denial

When seen subsequently she was still almost stone deaf and her mother emphatically declares that she never was dumb.

"She could speak so that we could understand her and she has been gradually improving for years" is the mother's assertion. "Pastor Chilton did not make her any worse, but he certainly did not make her any better."

Another alleged cure is that of little Audrey Short, of Deanery Street, Bedlington. She is described in the *Revival News*—Chilton's own paper, remember—as "a wonderful case of healing."

It is claimed that she has been able to dispense with leg irons and that her legs are perfectly strong.

But Audrey's mother and her school teachers declare that her condition remains the same; her legs are still deformed and she walks with great difficulty.

*This is how Pastor Chilton advertises his "Great Revival" campaign. "He is imposing on the credulous, and his impudent campaign should be stopped at once"*

Then there is Sarah A. Rowley, of Tweedy Street, Cowpen Village, who the pastor claims to have cured of blindness. But this child was never blind, her sole disability being a squint.

It is significant that one of Chilton's most tireless helpers in a recent campaign has a deformed leg. Apparently the pastor could do nothing for him.

Yet we find Chilton boasting that many sufferers he has treated have declared that they will go to him when they are ill rather than to doctors.

## A great wrong

Does he realise the dangers which may easily arise where patients thus abandon proper medical attention?

It is a shameful thing that false hopes should be raised in the hearts of the afflicted—especially when it is admitted that sufferers are coming long distances to attend the faith-healing gatherings.

Pastor Chilton's responsibility in this direction alone is a grave one, and he cannot be too strongly condemned for the blatant manner in which he is advertising false "cures" in his *Revival News*.

But there are other aspects of his audacious campaign which are open to comment. Pastor Chilton likes to pretend that his one concern is for others and that he remunerates his helpers more generously than himself.

Yet he is able to maintain his wife and family and to run a motor-car.

It is impossible to say what his total receipts may be, because he modestly refrains from issuing any balance-sheets or statements of account.

But the rent of his Tynemouth headquarters alone is nearly £40 a week, and he has additional charges for lighting, heating and cleaning.

That he is not always too careful about his financial obligations may be gathered from the fact that the rent of premises hired for a campaign at Darlington was only paid when county court proceedings were threatened.

In the same town he employed an orchestra to lend a touch of dignity to his gatherings; but the wretched musicians had likewise to sue for their salaries before the pastor could be prevailed upon to pay.

## Self-ordained

And who is this "great revivalist," who boasts that he has formed a successful Church and who has already chosen the site and passed plans for a New Temple?

He is a former music-hall comedian and is entirely self-ordained. Nevertheless, he invariably wears clerical dress.

Nor does this represent the limit of his audacity. He calmly declares that it is his intention to offer similar ordination to the thirty or forty pupils who are to be trained in his college and later appointed to churches under him.

The fact that no such college exists does not seem to worry him at all!

He has actually advertised for pupils and complaints have already been made by youths who responded to the effect that they have been badly let down.

In all respects, therefore, he is imposing on the credulous, and his impudent campaign should be stopped at once.

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Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

# TACT *or* TRUTH

ONE of my most respected friends has just sent a note to me which reads thus: "Have you seen that a woman writer finds fault with men for their bad manners, which, she says, are due to their lack of tact? They blurt out what they think without considering its effect upon the feelings of those to whom they speak.

"A man to whom she complained of this replied: 'Well, are we not to tell the truth?' 'Who wants the truth?' she rejoined. 'What we want is politeness.'"

* * *

This statement annoys my friend very much, and his comment upon it is: "I hold that it is better to be straight than tactful, and it is amazingly hard to combine the two. When I see a person exercising tact I ask myself what his game is, for he is sure to be trying to wangle something or other. I don't want anyone to sugar the pill of truth for me, and I never attempt to sugar it for anyone else.

"I believe most men are like myself in this and would rather deal with honest, straightforward, if rough-tongued, people than with the humbugs who seek to blarney you into doing what they want. If human beings could only be got to tell the truth what a lot of trouble it would save!"

I thought at first that my friend must have been reading about Dr. Irwin's publicly announced resolve to tell the truth and nothing but the truth for one whole day, June 24, an example which Mr. A. G. Gardiner stated in JOHN BULL his determination to follow.

Perhaps a few thousands of others did the same for the fun of it. If so, I wonder what happened.

I know Dr. Irwin. He is a hard-working clergyman, a genial, lovable Irishman, full of original ideas. I cannot imagine him doing a crooked thing, but I am equally positive that he would never be careless of hurting other people's feelings. I should say he is by nature a more tactful man than my friend whose protest is quoted above.

And, Mr Gardiner, did you tell the truth when you said in that article of yours that it was the statesmen and not the peoples of the world who had got civilisation into its present mess?

The truth is that it is not one whit more the politicians than the voters who are to blame. If the former do not tell the latter the truth, it is because the latter do not want to hear it. They are blinded by selfishness, greed and fear.

Admittedly it is difficult to be always honest in speech without giving offence, and sometimes impossible; but, on the whole, the effect of a man's words depends upon the spirit behind them.

If the person to whom one utters a disagreeable or painful truth can feel that it is kindly meant, he will take it better than if he is conscious that there is malice or contempt in it.

The proverb, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," rings true to experience if the friend is a real friend and not merely a fault-finding busybody who thinks it his mission to set everyone right. And the exhortation to speak the truth in love is a good rule that admits of few exceptions.

Lastly, every wise man knows that there are times when it is our duty to be silent rather than to speak—times when the truth would be cruel, and would break trusting hearts and blight innocent lives. Only angels in heaven can bear the naked truth.

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## A TRUE FRIEND

Week by week we take pride in telling our readers how practical and valuable is our Free Insurance. But do our readers know that cheques are sometimes paid not once, but twice and even thrice to the same readers?

The home of Mr. Henfrey, of Leeds Road, Heckmondwike, was flooded on three occasions, and he has recently received his *third* cheque from JOHN BULL on account of damage to his precious belongings.

A Scottish reader, Mrs. McPetridge, 25, Coatbank Street, Coatbridge, Lanark, had exactly the same experience. She, too, received a cheque on three different occasions. Like many thousands of registered readers, she refers to JOHN BULL as "a true friend."

# SECRETS of a PRISON WARD

# FIFTE

## in L

*Holloway Jail, most famous prison for women in this country*

**The writer of these human revelations has just retired after eleven years' prison service**

I HAVE only to close my eyes to conjure up a scene which I shall never forget.

It is a drab procession of women dressed in dull brown, relieved by blue - check aprons and white head-dresses.

The women have emerged from a number of cell doors and are walking dispiritedly along the stone corridor of a prison, their footsteps making a hollow echo in the grey distances.

Their faces are pale in the half-light.

Some of them are old women, bearing the marks of long dissipation; others are young and fresh, looking in that place like solitary flowers blooming in the wretchedness of a slum yard.

So, while the sun shines outside, these women trudge between the cold walls on the way to their daily tasks.

This—the first sight of the prisoners—is my most vivid impression of life as an officer in women's prisons.

Why I chose this profession I find it difficult to say. My friends tried to dissuade me from it. I was too happy and fond of life, they said, to shut myself in the gloomy depths of a prison.

But I was curious to see the real inside of a jail, and my curiosity overcame any qualms I might have felt as to the nature of the life before me.

## *Sombre jail*

It was not long before my curiosity was satisfied. I soon became acquainted with some of the worst women in England, and learned how they lived and fought and languished in a great Northern prison.

The authorities are very severe in their scrutiny of applicants for jobs as prison officers. I had to undergo a strict medical examination, and my past record was thoroughly overhauled.

On the application form I had to give every detail of my movements almost from birth. I left out particulars of a fortnight's holiday I had taken some years before, and the authorities were not satisfied until I had accounted for even those two weeks.

I remember with what fear and trembling I entered on my first day of prison life.

Numerous gates had been unlocked and had clanged behind me before I reached the centre of the jail with its cells, tier upon tier of them, radiating in all directions.

Dressed in my ordinary clothes, I joined the morning parade of prison officers, feeling awkward and out of place. Fresh from the freedom of out of doors, I felt oppressed by the sense of being closed in and restricted by unwonted discipline.

Later I was sent for duty on one of the landings, where I had to endure remarks from prisoners who waxed humorous about my clothes.

"If you think you're a bird of Paradise, you've come to the wrong place," said one horrible old woman, with a leer.

Then someone found me an old uniform to put on. It was years out of date, for it had leg-of-mutton sleeves and a bustle! To put aside my pretty clothes for this horror made me utterly miserable, and I began to regret my entry into the prison service.

But the crowning misery of that first day came when I was shown my quarters. All the rooms in the wardresses side were occupied, and my room on one of the landings was merely a cell. True, it was distempered and furnished rather better than an ordinary cell, but as the door closed behind me I could hardly keep from bursting into tears.

## *In despair*

I had a feeling of hopelessness—of being overwhelmed by the great pile of the prison.

In the cell next to mine a woman was swearing horribly, and across the landing another was singing in mournful tones a song which was all the rage when she came into prison ten years before.

I was cut off from my friends, for I had no keys, and sitting in my cell wearing that ghastly uniform made me feel a prisoner myself. Had I been a convict my despair could hardly have been deeper.

No doubt I was more sensitive then than I am now. After a few days I began to get used to the routine, and in a fortnight, when I was given a proper room and a new uniform, the world seemed to be a much better place.

Soon personalities began to sort themselves out, and I learned more of the other wardresses and the prisoners in my charge.

Many of my colleagues among the officers were women who had spent the greater part of their lives in the service; their whole outlook upon life was bounded by the prison walls. Others were younger and could still interest themselves in matters apart from the gossip of the prison.

Some of the older wardresses were hard women — almost "battle-scarred Amazons" from their numerous conflicts with recalcitrant prisoners. When any "scraps" occurred they were inclined to hold back, saying, "We have had our share; let the young ones learn to fight."

I began to distinguish, too, the convict women from the short-service prisoners, for we had all sorts of women in the prison, from murderesses of the worst kind, to women who were spending a few weeks or months ir the cells for petty offences.

Yes, all sorts and conditions of women make up the prison world.

But in one thing I found them all very much alike—that was, with few exceptions, in their kindness and faithfulness to each other.

It is said that "There's honour among thieves," and I found a pretty high code of honour existing among the women themselves and between them and their friends.

In fact, the most touching example of unswerving faithfulness I know of came to my notice during my experience as a wardress.

Some years before I entered the service a young and beautiful woman had received a life sentence for murder. I believe it was yet another case of the "eternal triangle," and the woman had committed the crime in order to remove the awkward member of the trio.

## *Lovers' vigil*

She believed, rightly or wrongly, that another woman was stealing the affections of her lover, and she employed the most drastic method in order to keep the young man for herself.

However that may be, as soon as possible after she had been sentenced to life imprisonment her lover came to visit her, and he had been regularly ever since.

Year after year he came to see her, never missing a visiting day.

When I started work at the prison they were already past their youth, but still they gazed affectionately into each other's eyes through the glass panel which divided the visiting room, and made plans for the future, as though they had all their lives before them.

The years of my prison service began to pass, and yet the man, now growing white-haired, came to see the woman he loved—still in his eyes the beautiful young girl he had known in happier days.

At last came the day of her release. She was up before the dawn, all ready to leave the hated jail for ever, and the porter at the main gate reported that a man had been waiting there with a cab for a long time.

The scene when they were at last reunited in each other's arms was affecting, and there was hardly a dry eye among those who watched them clatter happily away in the cab.

## *Tragic mother*

I heard afterwards that they had been married almost immediately, and they had left for one of the Dominions to enjoy what remained to them of life, far away from unhappy memories.

I could tell you of many pathetic scenes in the visiting room, where the convicts were separated from their visitors by a glass and wire screen, so that they could see and talk to each other, but were unable to touch or pass things.

I remember one poor man who used to come regularly to see his wife, bringing with him their little baby.

He used to be so pleased to show his wife the baby through the glass panel, and to watch it smiling and gurgling at her.

But as time went on the baby began to forget its mother, and the man's disappointment at his failure to make it recognise her was painful to see.

Although I was breaking a strict rule, I used occasionally to take the baby round to the mother so that she could fondle it for a few minutes.

RESS . . .

# EN YEARS OVE with a Murderess

*". . . But as time went on the baby began to forget its mother . . ."*

The father's intense gratitude was my reward.

Apart from this refusal of prisoners' relatives to allow the shadow of the jail to come between them, many odd friendships and attachments sprang up inside the prison itself.

Women who apparently had nothing in common would become inseparable, as far as they were able in a place where separation was the rule. They would be happy if they were near each other, and could hear the sound of each other's voices, and they would resent it if a third party tried to become friendly with either of them.

The most callous women would do little acts of kindness for their friends. Though they might be hungry themselves they would save pieces of bread from a meal and slyly give it to a friend while the wardress was not looking.

It was only in these small ways that they could show their affection, but they meant a great deal in the prison.

Adversity makes strange friendships. Yes; and the strangest of all perhaps—in prison.

Prison life, even for the prisoner, was not very hard when I first became a wardress, though discipline has been considerably tightened since. The prisoners had no very hard work to do. The heaviest tasks were in the laundry, and even they were not onerous.

## Not so hard . . .

The truth is, strange as it may seem, that millions of working-class housewives lead harder lives than the women in the convict prisons.

There are tennis, bowls, croquet, netball and other sports for the prisoners, who also enjoy occasional concerts and dramatic performances which they arrange themselves.

They are allowed to have books, and the good-conduct women with long sentences enjoy a sitting-room and can buy newspapers and little luxuries for themselves.

Many of them realise that they are more comfortable than they would be in their own homes, and do not wish to leave when they have served their sentences. Some even commit another crime when they get out in order to return again as soon as they can.

In fact, the only real punishment to these women when they are in prison is their loss of freedom.

Impressive periods in the weekly routine were the church services. The women sit in the gallery of the chapel with the wardresses on high seats with their backs to the altar so as to face the prisoners. Down below, the men prisoners are seated.

Those services, with the light streaming through stained-glass windows made by a male convict years before, the organ pealing through the stillness, and the rows of drab, silent figures with bowed heads, used to affect me deeply.

The worst women are serious at these services, and the most noisy and intractable are silent. Often the clergyman's tones are disturbed by a sudden burst of sobbing from one of the prisoners.

"What were you crying for?" I would ask them afterwards.

"It was something the parson said in his sermon," they would generally reply. "It reminded me of happier days."

I have seen the most hardened criminals moved to tears in chapel. Often I used to feel a lump rising in my own throat as I watched them.

Sometimes a woman sings a solo. One female convict, guilty of a brutal crime, had a wonderful voice, and was often requested to sing a hymn by herself. It was strange to hear the liquid notes of this woman criminal filling the chapel with the melody of "Lead, Kindly Light" or some other lovely old hymn.

I soon learned that the worst type of women criminals rarely showed remorse or repented of their misdeeds, though they were capable of little kindnesses to each other.

Soft-hearted prison visitors, who only see the convicts occasionally and when they are on their best behaviour, are apt to be too generous with their sympathy.

All the same, I have little use for the real, case-hardened criminal. I have known many murderesses during my time, and generally I found them to be callous, brutal women.

Remorse is often shown by the short-term prisoners—women convicted of shoplifting and other minor offences, but rarely is a sign of repentance shown by those guilty of major crimes.

These women, with the well-known vanity of the criminal, regard themselves as the "aristocracy" of the prisoners. They look down upon the short-term women with contempt reserved by skilful professionals for meddling amateurs at the game of crime.

## Prison hoarder

One of the worst women in the prison was one who had a life sentence for murdering her husband.

I believe she had poured paraffin oil over him and set him alight, for which she had received the maximum imprisonment, twenty years being a life sentence for a woman. Remissions for good conduct reduced the sentence to one of fifteen years.

This woman was of a surly and secretive nature. Nothing seemed to touch her, and whenever she was spoken to, either by a wardress or a fellow-prisoner, she answered with a growl.

Even in chapel she would sit grimly with her arms folded as if carved out of stone, absolutely without emotion.

She was so objectionable in her speech and habits that even the very mixed society of the prison could not tolerate her company.

Later in her sentence, she developed the queer habit of picking up scraps of rubbish and hoarding them in all kinds of unlikely hiding-places.

When her sentence expired, she was very reluctant to leave jail, and her leaving caused almost the only sign of emotion she had shown for fifteen years. The prison had been her home during that long period, and she had lost touch with the outside world.

## She never returned

She begged to be allowed to remain, crying and making a scene when the last day of her term arrived. But she had to go, and in the end went quietly.

She left during a coal strike, when even the officers were unable to obtain fuel, and after she had gone we found a quantity of coal hidden in a drainpipe leading from the prisoners' sitting-room. All sorts of rubbish had been stowed away in odd corners.

It took three days before the room could finally be cleared and made habitable after this strange "lifer" had left.

We quite expected to have her back before long, but we were wrong. We never saw her again.

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**NEXT WEEK:**

***The Woman they Couldn't Make Good***

# —FREE BOOK—

FOR SUFFERERS FROM

# ASTHMA

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Dr. Hair's treatment, as described in this book enjoys the confidence of medical men throughout the entire world, and has been endorsed even by a Royal Physician.

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Post this in an unsealed envelope for ½d. J.B., 16/7/32.

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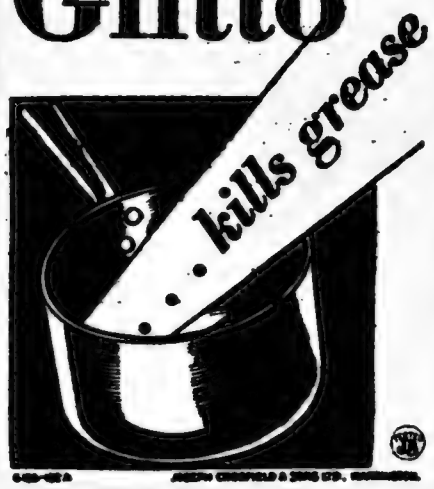
# Glitto





# A Cameo Tale—

# The Strange Story

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE—*known to a few as doctor, Justice of the Peace, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and classical scholar; known to countless thousands as the author of "The Blue Lagoon" and scores of other entertaining romances*

THE hot, tropic dark had shut down suddenly, like a pothd, and Hua Line Harbour lay under the stars. Away to the north towards Itari you could see the timorous twinkle of village lights, and on the old copra road the winking of carried lanterns and the glow-worm glimmer of tiny, native houses on the hill-side sweeping up towards the sky of stars.

"Peaceful, ain't it?" said Captain Shaylor, tapping his pipe out on the rail. "Sort of New Jerusalem with the lamps lit. No. I don't want to go ashore to-night with the anchor just down and all them papers to go over, and I advise you to stick here, too. No sense in losing your money in a place like this.

"See that blaze on the beach—that's the club. In the old days that was Charlie Trent's bar, and there I seen a thing one night—gosh! Talk of story-books, there ain't a story-book could beat the thing I seen here that night, and when I think of it now and all them years gone by, it don't seem more'n yesterday.

"I'd come here on the *Araya*, and I'd picked up a chap by name of Harris who wanted to get from Kusai to Ponape—little, mouse-coloured chap with a beard he was always fingering as if he was wanting to make sure he was all there, which he wasn't. A woman had seen to that.

"He'd married a woman at Brisbin and took her to the Islands. Trader he was, and she'd done him in. 'Loped with another man, that's what she'd done.

"TWO years before I fell in with him she'd done it, and he couldn't get her out of his head. Couldn't get him on any conversation tack for five minutes before he'd begin leaking badly. Then he'd set the bilge pumps going and up would come Mrs. Harris and the chap that had sejooced her away from him.

"They'd done the dirty on him right enough—skipped away together whiles he was on a trade journey for the station he was tendin'; left the cat to look after itself, as you may say, and the key of the front door under the door-mat.

"But where was the use of frettin'? Where was the sense of frettin' after a baggage like that? No sense in it, and so I told him. But you might as well be telling a cow how to play the fiddle as that chap to look at things right, where she was concerned.

"It was twenty-two years ago, come the first of next month. I was due in here with some trade stuff; got here before sundown and dropped the hook off the point there.

"Getting along after supper the mate—chap he name of Truelock—proposed going on shore, and I said I didn't mind, and Harris said it didn't matter to him where he went, so he came along, too, and leavin' the Kanaka bo'sun in charge off we put under a moon the size of a double Glo'ster, four Kanakas rowing and Truelock playin' his accordion."

Captain Shaylor paused for a moment and imbibed the vanilla-scented air as if drawing in memories from that night of long ago. I didn't interrupt his meditations.

I knew him to be absolutely incapable of fiction, destitute of imagination, humourless as an anvil, and I very much wanted to hear about the thing he had seen that night in Charlie Trent's bar—the happening in real life that yet could beat any story-book. Then on he went:

"Twenty-two years ago, and I can hear the squeaking of that dam accordion still; us in the stern sheets and the Kanakas laying to the oars; and then we were on the beach with Billy Bones the beachcomber stinkin' of whisky and kerosene and wanting to help pull the boat up, and Kanaka trollops crowding round us wanting to crown us with flowers.

"Like bees on jam they was, fetched down from the village by that blistered accordion. Heard it coming across the water and 'drunken sailors,' says they, and that was enough for them.

"THEY near nabbed Truelock, had him by the arm seeing that he was weak and willin'; but 'No flowers by request,' says I, nailing him by the other arm while Harris got him by the accordion and between us we lugged him along to Charlie's, got him up the two steps of the verandy and into the bar, saved from Venus as you might say, only to fall into the arms of Bacchis.

"'High-balls all round,' says I to the bar-keeper, and down we sat with Billy Bones squatting out in the verandy, scratching himself and hoping for the best.

"Charlie had been dead for two years, and the place had changed hands, though sticking to its old name. It's all gone now, for they pulled it down to build that club over there.

"But it was a hot shop in the old days, and big gambling done when the pearl buyers were in mixing with the

*The Greatest of These—*

# The Deserted Husband

THE father of three girls, the eldest nine and the youngest five, is still a young man, and served over two years in the Army. He was discharged in 1920, suffering from curvature of the spine, the result of a kick from a mule. On returning to England, he was lucky enough to get his job back.

"But," he says, "I had to keep having time off through falling ill. I stuck it until 1929, when I was so bad they took me to hospital, where I was kept for twelve weeks, suffering from gastric trouble, etc.

"I came home, but had to return to hospital, which meant my job was lost.

* * *

"I was in hospital eight more weeks, and, hearing of trouble, I came home, to find that my wife had sold best part of the goods in the house and had run away with another man.

"The rent was allowed to run into arrears to the amount of over £5. I had to appear at the county court, and an order was made for me to pay 2s. a week off the arrears."

Out of the 30s. a week allowed to him in relief, he found it difficult to keep up this increased rental. "I have pawned everything," he says, "from the bedding to the little frocks of the girls, but I still fell behind with my paymenta."

The result of this was another summons to appear at court, when an extra shilling off the arrears was added to the rent.

* * *

"I don't know what I shall do if I am put out of my house," he adds. "My eldest girl has been the mother ever since I came home, and does all the cleaning, but it is too much for her, as she is very weak, and she has been in hospital for an operation for a mastoid abscess.

"I am trying to do my own washing to save paying for it, but I still keep slipping behind."

To add to his misery, he has to wear a steel abdominal support, which he finds irksome.

The support that he would not find irksome is some financial help from our readers, who are so good at helping lame dogs over stiles. We appeal to them to lighten the grievously heavy burden this man has to bear.

Subscriptions sent for this case, or for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

A list of current subscriptions is always available for inspection at this office.

# —by H. de Vere Stacpoole

# of Mrs. HARRIS

copra traders, and God knows what, that used to join up from the Yankee ships—a big bar with Island headdresses and bows and arrers and clubs enough to brain a rigment of soldiers, and all such hanging on the walls, and the row and the racketing on a big night laid over anything I've seen outside of Shanghai Brown's at 'Frisco.

"But that night we blew in the place was empty, the *Araya* was the only ship in the anchorage, and maybe we didn't look up to much, for the chap behind the bar, having served the drinks, didn't take much notice of us, but went on with some accounts he was doing in a book.

"HE was a great, big, upstanding feller, with a beard cut trim, and powerful-looking as a gorilla. I was looking at him when Harris gave me a chuck with his elbow, and 'That's him,' says Harris.

"'Who?' says I.

"'Hikeman,' says he.

"'Gosh!' says I, for Hikeman was the name of the chap that'd stolen his missus, and if that chap was Hikeman I didn't want to be dragged into any conjugal rows with him.

"Before I could speak a woman came into the bar from the back premises, a washed-out looking, slovenly woman. She only came in to get a duster or something, and she didn't look at us.

"If she had she wouldn't have recognised Harris with the beard he'd grown and the way his hat was pulled down over his eyes; but she might have heard his teeth chattering, for it was her, sure enough, and when she'd dodged back to where she'd come from Harris gets up and goes out, and leaving my whisky to wait for me I followed him.

"He was walking up and down on the sands, doing double exercise, for he was shaking like a man with the ague all the time. I took a couple of turns with him, without a word, and then he made for the boat.

"'I'm going off to the ship,' says he; 'the boat will come back for you. I've got to get off to the ship,' he says, speaking wild like a chap in delirium trimins.

"'You saw him,' says he. 'You saw her.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I saw them right enough; but do you mean to say you're going to back out from him without a word—laying down to let him walk over you like that?'

"'It's my affair,' says he, 'not yours,' and with that he went off to the boat, and I leave him to it and came back for my drink.

"I told you before I didn't want to be mixed up with Hikeman in any commatrial rows no more than I'd want to be mixed up in a dispute with a steamroller.

"Still, for all that, it went against my gizzard to see a man turning himself into a door-mat same as Harris had done, slinking off to the ship to hide himself and his troubles without giving them two their proper name nor lifting a finger against them, and that's what I said to Truelock when I got back and sat down beside him, and he was with me.

"WE sat and talked of what we would have done if we'd been him, and then we had another drink and sat and talked some more, and that went on till a step came on the verandy and a man came in.

"It was Harris, back from the ship. In he walked, and flung his hat on the floor and stood.

"'Hikeman!' cries he, 'I'm Harris!' and with that he whips a big navy revolver from under his coat. It was mine, used to hang over my bunk, and he'd been and fetched it.

"Hikeman at sight of the gun went white as if he'd been hit in the face with a bag of flour. Harris fires and the other drops.

"Over the bar counter went Harris to make sure of his game, and up pops Hikeman no more hit than me, and over the bar he comes to our side, making for the door, Harris firing after him.

"Then they were outside and out we ran, and there was the big stiff runnin' in the moonlight down that beach with Harris after him till he gives up the chase and comes back.

"'Where's that woman?' he says, and into the house he goes like a ferret into a rabbit-hole: and out he comes in a minute driving Mrs. H. before him and she in screaming hysterics.

"I've never seen nothing done like that before, for she was twice his size, shoutin' and laffin' and laffin' and shoutin', and him running her along to the boat same as if she was a schoolgirl and him and she just larking under the moon.

"Into the boat he bundled her like a sack of potatoes. He helps the Kanakas to push off, and away they go for the ship, him and she, and down I sits on the sand and laffs till I thought I'd have split. For that gun was only loaded with blank ammunition for firing signals with.

"Harris didn't know that, nor Hikeman; but Hikeman knew it next day, for I spread the news among the traders and Kanakas, and the chap had to hide himself till we sailed, so's to hide his blushes, as you may say.

"Yes, I took them to Ponape, and I don't know what he did with her after—married her again maybe—but what I'm getting at is this:

"There was a woman with no more good looks to her than a dish-clout, yet she made one man run away with her, and she made another chap with no more seeming pluck than a louse turn himself into a tiger. How do you account for that?"

"Easily," I said. "Without any manner of doubt she was an It woman."

Knowing nothing of Hollywood, the explanation left him clear only on one point—Harris' treatment "was the only way to sarve her." With which I entirely agreed.

"OUT he comes in a minute driving Mrs. H. before him and she in screaming hysterics . . ."

*Next Week:*

## "Adventure"

by HOWARD MARSH


Start the day on your toes!

Here's quick new energy for the busy day ahead — Post Toasties. These delicious golden crisp flakes of Indian Corn will send you from the breakfast table full of zest and vigour. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer to-day, and try it to-morrow with milk or cream.

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*Post Toasties is one of the Post Food Products of the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, S.E.1. Also: Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Corto, etc., etc.*

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DEPT. 2, COVENTRY.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

# YOUTH asks for HELP

IN my article a few weeks ago I said that the problems of life are not confined to the middle-aged and elderly, and I invited my young readers to tell me their troubles.

The response has been surprising, for I have received stacks of letters propounding all sorts of interesting problems. Here is one of them.

A young fellow of twenty-two tells me:

"I work in a municipal office and for four years I have been studying for an important examination, which would make all the difference to my prospects in life. The examination is due to take place shortly and I have denied myself every pleasure to attain success.

"I have spent hours studying every night after my ordinary day's work, but as a result I have contracted some acute internal trouble. My doctor advises me to drop all my work, but if I do my hopes will be shattered. You see, this particular examination is only held at rare intervals, and I have worked so hard that I feel confident of success.

"Should I be foolish to disobey orders?"

I am interested to observe that my correspondent comes from the same county as myself, and I admire him for his Yorkshire grit. His hard work deserves a far better fate. It is indeed cruel luck to be baulked of his richly deserved success at the eleventh hour.

* * *

At present he is really suffering from the faults of his own virtues—his keenness has led him to overtax his strength.

I hate having to apply the brake to anyone with ambition, but it is very unwise, especially in one's early years, to burn the candle at both ends. *I know—for I did that myself* and I suffered in consequence.

Therefore, with all the force of which I am capable, let me beg him to accept his doctor's advice.

Life is heavily handicapped without health. A broken-down constitution is a poor compensation for passing an important examination. All the qualifications in the world are worthless without the capacity to make use of them.

Physical fitness should be the first and great quest in life. And it is one that my correspondent must now seek to cultivate. He is still young; there is time before him. And with the spirit he obviously possesses I am confident that he will ultimately win through.

And now for a different kind of problem—this time from a girl.

"I have been on the stage for five years," she says, "and I am at present dancing in a West End show. At first I used to dream that one day I should become a great star, but now that the years have passed I realise that I am never likely to reach those heights.

"Sometimes I look around and see those who have grown old in the profession and have now no work and no prospects. I don't want to be like them.

"People have said I ought to marry, and yet the only men I meet are what I call 'stage-door-posts'—men who hang around the stage-door and want to take me to night-clubs, suppers and dances. That kind of life does not appeal to me. I am sick of all its artificiality.

"I have read with interest your advice to other people—can you suggest some way out for me?

If that girl feels there is no future for her on the stage, then she must look elsewhere.

What can she do? Well, what about nursing? There are many opportunities for the right girl in that profession. There is no finer work in the world, and it has also this advantage—it provides a home and a small salary during the three or four years of training.

Then there is secretarial work.

I presume this girl is engaged on the stage only at night-time and possibly at one or two matinées. She has, therefore, most of the day to herself. She could keep on with her dancing whilst making herself proficient in shorthand, typewriting, and the rest. There are also such occupations as that of mannequin, saleswoman, nursery governess.

Besides there is the greatest career that any girl can have—marriage. My correspondent has been fated to meet "stage door-posts"—a very good name for the dilettante who haunts the back doors of the theatre. But there are decent fellows in the world—men who make ideal husbands. I hope she will be fortunate to meet one of them.

**TAKE "Humanist" into your confidence! Whatever your trouble, he will give you his heart-to-heart advice upon it, without sententious preaching. He is eager to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.**

* * *

My next letter comes from a young man who writes to me about his mother-in-law. He describes her as "one of the finest women who ever lived," and he goes on to say:

"She has been working at a kinema, occupying the dual positions of cleaner and cashier, and working from seven in the morning to ten at night. For thirteen years she has done that without ever a grumble or a word of complaint. Now, alas, the kinema is closing down and she will be thrown out of work."

*"I hate having to apply the brake to anyone with ambition, but it is very unwise to burn the candle at both ends. I know—for I did that myself"*

That is not all. That woman's husband is an invalid, whose sole income is 7s. 6d. a week, and my correspondent himself is on the "dole."

What is more, their prospects are definitely gloomy. They all live in a town which has encountered some of the worst blasts of the industrial depression.

And this is the subject upon which my advice is sought—that woman has a son of seventeen who won a scholarship to the local grammar school, where he matriculated with distinction in three subjects, and won the school prize for mathematics.

"He is a splendid lad," says my correspondent, "and everyone thinks he will do well. But if he keeps on with his studies it will be a few years before he is able to earn anything. Is it worth it? His mother, I am sure, will break down under the strain."

* * *

Should that boy, I am asked, give up his academic career and find immediate work so that he might maintain himself and help to keep his parents?

Well, let me ask my correspondent a question: If he, presumably a young man, cannot find employment, what chance would his brother-in-law have?

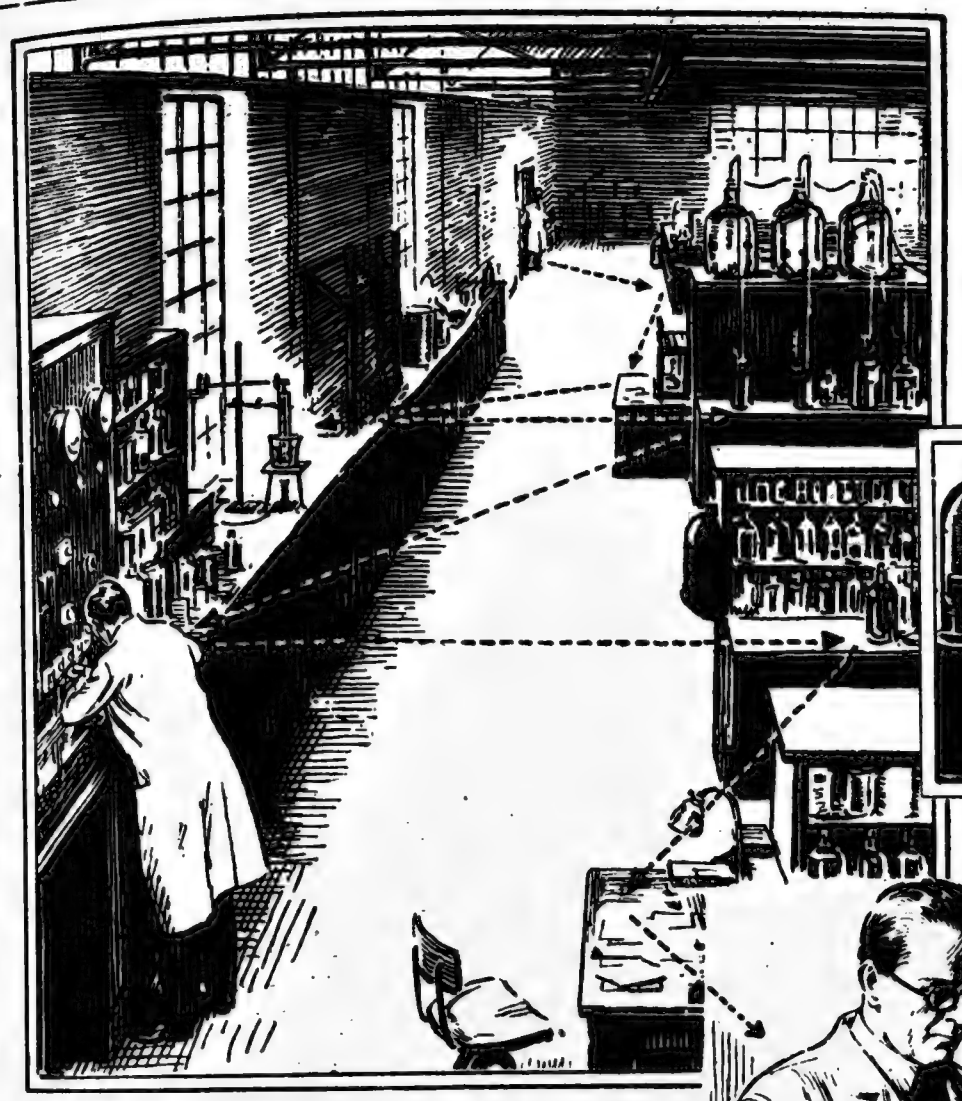
And if that lad of seventeen were lucky enough to find a job, how much could he possibly earn? Very little, I should imagine, in an industrially depressed town.

Surely it is far better for him to continue his studies and thereby prepare himself for a useful and profitable career than spend his time in what may be a fruitless and soul-destroying search for work.

He is evidently a brainy lad, and that leads me to make this suggestion—is it not possible for him to obtain a monetary scholarship?

By this means he would be able to pursue his studies and pay his mother for his maintenance. I think that might well be the solution of the problem.

As for the mother, I agree with my correspondent. She must indeed be a fine woman. She has had a hard struggle. But she has a talented boy and she will have her reward in his success.



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*One sample in every three fails to pass Boots tests. The Chief Analyst attaches his "failed" label — and the whole batch is refused.*

*This diagram of the South Laboratory at Nottingham shows all the tests Boots make on one ordinary drug. The qualified analyst is at work on his fifth test — still several more to be done — then he will report to the Head of the Laboratory.*

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# My Greatest Hour

# WHEN I TRIED TO Borrow £50

## by ANDREW SOUTAR, *the novelist*

IF you have never been in desperate need of fifty pounds, and been at your wits' end to know how to borrow it, you may not be able to appreciate why I would like to live again the hour when I was in that predicament.

Yet it was an hour that taught me so much of human nature, of life, of things as they are and not as they seem. It emphasised the truth of that old saying that half the world knows not how the other half lives.

The need came at a time of general depression. I had a cheque-book that was no more than a mockery, since I couldn't safely draw another penny.

To declare my hand to any casual acquaintance would have been fatal: there are times when it is absolutely essential that you should allow the world to believe that you could buy a battleship if you were so disposed.

### *Gloom descends*

I decided that there was only one person who could let me have that small loan without subjecting me to indignity.

He was in business in the City. We had known each other for years. We had golfed and motored together, joyed in each other's company, spent money prodigally together.

The task didn't prove to be so easy as I had thought in the beginning.

I left home wishing that I hadn't given him a wrong impression of my financial standing. I concocted all manner of excuses for needing that miserable fifty, and dismissed each one as being puerile. As a successful business man he wasn't likely to be fooled.

Depression had taken a relentless grip of me. It didn't help me to recall some men I knew who could borrow money without batting an eyelash. I wasn't made like them: I was temperamental.

On the way to the City I called at my club, hoping against hope that some old pal would come straight up to me and say: "Old man, here's fifty quid I don't want." All I got was a packet of half-a-dozen letters, handed me by the steward. I put the packet into my pocket and went on to the City.

### *Trepidation*

Fifty pounds! That was all. And on every hand there was evidence of men (less important to the world than myself, thought I) who could afford to give away five thousand without missing it.

My friend's offices were in an imposing block—a building that seemed to exude prosperity. A limousine was standing at the door, and as I approached I saw my friend's wife being escorted from the office to the car.

I wondered what she would think if she learned that I had tried to borrow fifty pounds from her husband? She had been so impressed that night when I dined with them for the first time.

I waited till she was driven away: then I entered and tendered my card to the commissionaire, who showed me into a waiting-room.

What is there in the mien of a would-be borrower that betrays his mission even to a servant? Or is it that our imagination is whipped to feverish activity.

### *Courage ebbs*

This commissionaire seemed to glimpse me from the corner of his eye and make rapid deductions. He returned to say that Mr. Blank was exceedingly busy: if I would wait a while he would see me.

I was left alone in the waiting-room. The minutes passed, and, with them, my courage.

All around me—in that vast building—signs of prosperity! And I needed only fifty pounds! How bitter a thing it is to look at success through another man's eyes!

Half-an-hour! And my face and hands were damp with perspiration, although the day was cold. How could I summon up the courage to say to my friend: "I have come to borrow fifty pounds. You shall have it back soon, and with interest."

I visualised his face as he listened. He would be amazed to find that I, whom he thought to be so well-to-do, should have need of so small a sum.

I wondered if it wouldn't be clever, tactful, even ingenious to ask for five thousand and talk about some scheme that I was engineering. For it is an axiom in the City that one may ask for, and get, five thousand without trouble, when to ask for fifty pounds is to invite contumely.

If you are sitting in an ante-room, awaiting the pleasure of a man from whom you hope to borrow money, don't you get the feeling that you are waiting for the hangman's knock at the cell door? Don't the pictures on the wall, or the newspapers on the table, seem to look up at you and sneer at your predicament?

Don't you wish that some jinn would come up through the floor, thrust a fortune into your hands and empower you to ring for the commissionaire and say: "Tell your master I cannot possibly wait any longer. I called to invite him to join my yacht next week for a cruise, but, really, it doesn't matter. Cheerio!"

Heavens! I did need that fifty. . . .

The clock on the wall ticked away. Nearly forty-five minutes! I hated life. I hated the hideous power of money. I hated myself for allowing circumstances to place me in that damnable position.

I thought of the letters I had picked up at the club. I began to open them, to pass away the time more than anything else. And one, bearing an American stamp, suddenly jumped out of the packet.

I opened it, and . . . the drab walls of that waiting-room fell away so that I saw the sun! The whole City, whose traffic had sounded more dismal than a funeral knell, rang with the pealing of mythical bells!

### *The thunderbolt*

That letter contained a cheque for two thousand dollars! Four hundred pounds! Payment for a short series I had written long before and mailed haphazardly. Why, why had the whole world burst into song? Why did the roofs I could see through that waiting-room window gleam as with gold? And . . .

Why did that awful spirit of vindictiveness surge uppermost in me? Confound this supposed friend of mine, I thought. He has kept me waiting nearly an hour because he *knew* that I was there to borrow.

He had argued with himself that this was the first time I had ever called at his office, therefore it could mean only one thing. Now I could tell him what I thought of him.

What a tremendous amount of courage is imparted by a little money! And arrogance!

There was notepaper on the table. I began a letter to him: "I am surprised that you should keep *me* waiting all this time. . . ."

The door opened, the commissionaire said: "Mr. Blank will see you now."

I slipped the letter I had written into my pocket. I said, brutally, to the man: "Thanks for nothing, but having waited so long I might as well see him, although I have an important appointment elsewhere."

### *Sun shines again*

I was shown into my friend's private room. He was standing by the fireplace. There was a stern expression on his face. He said: "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

I said: "I was just clearing out. I suppose you business men are always afraid that a chance caller is after a loan."

Then I saw his expression change. He fumbled with his collar, and, at last:

"Old man," he said, "I hadn't the courage to send for you earlier. I'm in a hell of a fix. You'll probably laugh—because you're not in business, and I don't suppose you know the meaning of being hard-up—but I'm in need of a couple of hundred pounds, cash, and I don't know where to turn for it.

"It may sound ridiculous to you, but that's the truth. And I've been pacing this floor ever since your card was sent in. I hadn't the courage to ask you for it."

What did I do? What would you have done in the circumstances?

I gave him a cheque for the two hundred, and left him with tears in his eyes.

I walked into the street with head held high. The sun blazed; the birds sang, the traffic chanted a chorus. Life! Life! I had set out to borrow; I had finished by lending! Life was good! Good!

Bad luck, I sang, might be the portion of any man. Good luck was always waiting—just around the corner!

Yes, that was a great hour. I learned so much. There was so much to learn.

# What a relief! Two feet that ache and long to rest—two feet too tired to dance—two feet that cannot, will not, bear a shoe a moment more . . . Then, sweet relief. A hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it . . . Grateful feet—refreshed, revived—feet that tread as if they trod to music—happy, eager feet!

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"She didn't know she had Anæmia!" How often you hear that remark! Women are the most frequent sufferers from Anæmia, yet many fail to realise the onset of this insidious disorder. Doctors warn women that Anæmia is often unnoticed in its early stages. Anæmia slowly robs its victim of energy, of health—eve. of life itself.

You cannot enjoy good health without good blood. Iron Jelloids provide the most effective means of strengthening and enriching the blood known to Medical Science to-day.

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*Recommended for the treatment of :—*

**LASSITUDE, DEBILITY, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, NEURALGIA, DEPRESSION, NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCY AND ANAEMIA**

Every chemist stocks Iron Jelloids No. 2 for women; Iron Jelloids No. 2A (with quinine) for men; Iron Jelloids No. 1 for children. Only 1/3 a box. Large Economical Size 3/-.
The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Watford.

132



**a new non-slip buckle!**

The greater the strain on the wonderful new Bolenium Non-Slip Buckle, the tighter its grip!—an amazingly ingenious construction giving a cam or wedge action once to that. Surprisingly simple to adjust. Made of solid brass, there is nothing to rust. Detachable, not sewn on. Insist on BOLENIUM Overalls, and avoid the discomfort of slipping brace buckles.

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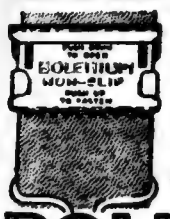


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**BOLENIUM**

*Super-Overalls*

Worn by the man who knows

BIB & BRACE 6/6

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**HEADACHE**

Gone

"The pain is so crushing," writes Mr. C. Howard, of 210, Stretford Rd., Hulme, Manchester, "that it is just like a rope being screwed tighter and tighter round my head. But I thank Providence for "DAISY" because they are a true godsend." "DAISY" is the safe and sure remedy. No opium, no dangerous drugs, harmless to heart or digestion.

DAISY POWDERS 3d. each, 4 for 7½d.

DAISY brand TABLETS 6d. per Tube.

DAISY

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.


# The Scots Go Home

*THE tragic retreat of the unconquerable Scot. From all the great ports in the Kingdom they come—driven back to their homeland*

AN event unprecedented in her proud history is now happening in Scotland—Scotsmen by the thousand are wending their way back to their native land from the corners of the earth.

Every three or five years, of course, it is customary for the Scot on Empire service to return joyfully on furlough to glimpse again the rich, stern beauties of his homeland and enjoy a reunion with his kith and kin.

Always he was to be seen here and there in the passing throng in any Scottish town—this exile restored from afar for a few happy months to the soil that breeds his type and imbues it with the hardy spirit of colonisation.

Then his mahogany-tinted features radiated good cheer and the warmth of some land he had adopted for his own and the Empire's success. He almost swaggered, as you observed him in the street, with his unconscious confidence in himself and life in general.

### *Bitter defeat*

To-day there are many more such men to be seen—a vast number more.

But now a large number of them are on a different sort of holiday. Gone is their cheery demeanour. They are terribly serious, their jaws are set for battle—the battle for bread.

In their pockets on this visit there is no return-half of a steamship ticket and no wallet filled with savings from overseas. Long before they were compelled to turn their faces towards their homeland, their money had been spent abroad while they waited despairingly or went hither and thither on the quest for new chances.

The Scot who has ventured afield abhors above all things to be *driven* back to his country. To him it appears like defeat—as if he has hauled down and furled his personal flag and retired because the opposition became too tough.

Nothing of the kind. But these fine fellows, full of grit and accustomed to view obstacles as having been built only to be surmounted, do not see things in the light of excuse. They feel they have been beaten.

### *The road back*

They have not been beaten, however, by other men or by climate or unyielding land. No one has taken from them the jobs in which they and perhaps their forefathers prospered.

The jobs themselves have gone—swept away by the economic blizzard which has spread with devastating results to the farthest corners of the earth.

It was four years ago that the first tremors of the storm, which to-day has engulfed so many Scotsmen abroad, were detected. That was when the quota and restricted output schemes were applied to the rubber and other plantations upon which young Scots for generations past have thrived.

Then there began to appear in Scotland the vanguard of the army of its returning sons. Big though the stream was at that time, it was only a trickle compared with the homeward surge to-day. Wider and ever wider the "axe" has been swung with the relentless strength of growing depression in our Dominions and Colonies, and greater and greater has been the devastation in the ranks of the Scots.

The cuts have not been among the established men at the head of affairs. They are, perhaps, indispensable.

Almost wholly the sufferers have been the young men who had found their feet and believed themselves well on the road to high promotion, or the middle-aged men who had fought their way to and were waiting to gather the rewards of final and permanent professional or business triumph.

Only a few days ago a ship from East Africa arrived here with 340 passengers. Ninety-five per cent. of them were Scots whose posts and prospects in the great fertile interior of Kenya Colony, or in the mercantile houses and administrative offices in the townships, had vanished.

All these men had been accustomed to come and go between Britain and East Africa as first-class passengers. But on this tragic voyage many travelled steerage.

Their savings in most cases had gone in maintaining themselves while waiting in vain for the business rot to end or while searching for fresh opportunities.

That is the most galling thing of all to Scotsmen who have tasted the joy of confronting and smashing down difficulties overseas—to be unable, when one mode of existence and service disappears, to find or create another.

The Scot, of all people, is compelled to admit that to-day any effort of the kind abroad is futile.

The ship from East Africa with its load of unwanted men was only a unit of a fleet which for months has been and still is bringing home some of the best of two generations of Scots.

Every liner which comes these days to London, Southampton and Liverpool carries its quota of Scotsmen who have come back so that they might not be paupers in the lands to which they intended to devote their lives, but which have been the graves of their hard-won success and ambition.

From the gangways of these ships step farmers and monumental masons from the West for Aberdeen and the northern counties; mill engineers and manufacturers' men from the East for Dundee; planters and growers from Malay and Africa for the middle shires; civil and dockyard engineers from everywhere for Glasgow and the Clyde; accountants, bankers, merchants, administrative and public officials from India for Edinburgh; men, indeed, who are expert in every profession or trade from Shanghai to Vancouver, for every region of the country.

Great numbers of them, before making for Scotland, first try out their luck in London. Usually it is a useless effort. London is at full absorption point.

### *The new army . . .*

Now without means, many returned Scotsmen, who not long ago were in comfortable posts and surroundings, have lately been reduced to sleeping out in London on the Embankment and in the public parks.

Every week recently numbers of them have had to be succoured from this plight by charitable organisations which have considered that the kindest thing to do for them is to give them a railway ticket to their homes.

For at least ten years, owing to there being better-paid opportunities at home, the flow of "emigration" of professional and skilled workers from Scotland to London has been almost stopped. Yet Scottish schools and universities are turning out in larger numbers than ever men for whom the future is now black indeed.

What then can the future hold for the many thousands who, having already made their mark, are compelled to come back to the shelter of their mother land?

They are men of the type who will dig with their finger-nails for work and opportunity; they are enterprising, otherwise they would never have gone to the far-flung posts of the Empire.

Their enforced return in such vast numbers to the higher branches of a labour market already full and without its usual space for overflow will soon present a grave problem for Scotland to face.

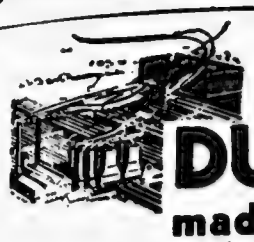
---

## ANIMALS LOVERS' CONTEST

## *Watch for the Result*

The Great Animal Lovers' Contest in which the huge prize of £15,000 was offered for 6d. came to a close on Saturday last. The national response to the appeal on behalf of the Royal Veterinary College has been magnificent.

The award of the Committee of experts appointed to decide the best twelve out of the twenty-eight slogans, and result, will be published in the *Daily Herald* shortly. Keep on the look-out. It may be important for *YOU*.



# DUNLOP— the tyre that made Cycling pleasurable in 1888, and has provided the best developments since....

# SPEED— the elixir of modern youth—in the air, on the land, on the water....

# DUNLOP SPEED

—the Cycle tyre for the connoisseur
—the Cyclist who appreciates the essentials—life, speed and strength.

**DO YOU KNOW—**

that at 254 m.p.h. the wheels of Sir Malcolm Campbell's car made 2,280 revolutions per minute, or 38 per second. This means that each part of each Dunlop tyre took its share of the load of the car—3 tons 14 cwts.—38 times per second. Each inch of the tyre had to withstand a tension, due to centrifugal force, of 1,000 lb., which tended to tear it away. But Dunlop tyres withstood the test.

**Cover 7/6**
**Tube 3/-**

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# 763 PRIZES for "Diploma" Limericks

**FIRST PRIZE £50**

*A stout lady tripper of Dee*
*Had a snap taken down by the sea:*
*Her spouse said "My dear,*
*You are not quite all here"*

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
SPECIAL PRIZES
200 CAMERAS

**CONDITIONS.**

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

*Competition (Dept. 7)*
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

***CLOSING DATE:***
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, July 29, 1932.**

***RESULT:***
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

# DIPLOMA

*The* ENGLISH
CRUSTLESS CHEESE



*Big Value*

**5/- buys this fine watch**

A Guaranteed Watch which is dependable, durable and low priced. A Lever movement built especially for hard wear and accuracy. Strong nickelled case and clear white dial with seconds indicator.

TWO YEARS WRITTEN GUARANTEE

**Salvos "STAR" Pocket Watch**

From all Salvos Agents or, if your local dealer cannot supply, post free from—
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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have an injurious effect.
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# HAND YOUR THIRST A LEMON!

Lemons for thirst, and Eiffel Tower for lemons! Here is concentrated the juice of real ripe lemons, free from all preservatives. Every year fifty million lemons are dealt with in this way; and because they are used on such a huge scale, Eiffel Tower Lemonade is the most inexpensive way of drinking lemons you can find.

*A 7½d. bottle (unsweetened) makes 12 pints of real-lemon lemonade*

# EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

*SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED*

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

## INSECT VISITORS

### Why let uninvited guests spoil your summer?

Have your ankles swelled under the caress of the hungry midges this season? Has the mosquito left his visiting-card in the shape of an itching lump? Has a wasp taken his uncomfortable seat?

People have various methods for trying to deal with these pests, but there is no doubt of this, that those who once use Milton for insect bites never go back to any other treatment. They prove for themselves that Milton—the ordinary, everyday Milton—is the quickest and most soothing healer of all bites and stings that it is possible to use. Its actual effect is to neutralise the poisons which cause the pain and irritation. Milton takes the swelling down—or, if you use it quick enough, prevents it forming at all.

Milton does these things, and, better still, it destroys all risk of the poisonous inflammation spreading dangerously, just because it *is* such a powerful disinfectant. And yet it is completely harmless. Dab Milton on the sting, bite or scratch, in full strength, and as often as you like, it can do nothing but good. It is very good advice to slip a bottle of Milton into the picnic basket and to keep one handy in the tennis club pavilion. A lot of people get badly bitten while watching a game.

Here, then, is a valuable use for Milton that may not have occurred to you, but do you know that this famous fluid has 153 other uses? They are all described in the new and cleverly-indexed booklet that is given with every bottle of Milton. You will find "Bites and Stings" under "Use No. 26."



## Don't Wear a Truss!

***After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.***

### Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

***From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.***

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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# Have they *really* Struck OIL?

*Feeding the furnaces in a battleship. Will the new fuel bring down the Admiralty's expense sheet?*

## *by* E. SHINWELL,

### *Ex-Minister of Mines*

IT is an interesting sidelight on the state of the coal industry that even the vaguest reference to the increased use of coal inspires renewed hope among the mining community.

Such an "uplift" occurred the other day when the world was informed in splash headlines in the newspapers that the Cunard Line experiment in the use of a coal and oil mixture on one of its steamers had proved successful.

The experiment is as yet in its early stages, as my successor, Mr. Isaac Foot, the Minister of Mines, pointed out in the House of Commons a few days ago. For that reason, he added, it is too soon to talk about the Government assisting its development.

But if it is all the experts claim for it, I don't hesitate to say that it is of the utmost importance to two of our greatest industries—shipping and coal.

When the Cunard Line, like other shipping companies, went over to oil some years ago it was a costly business for the coal trade.

THE companies made the change because oil takes up less space than coal aboard ship, is easier and cleaner to handle, and requires less labour in the engine room and stokehold.

But ever since the larger shipping companies adopted oil fuel they have sought to reduce their fuel costs, for, in spite of its many advantages over coal, oil is much more expensive.

Experiments with pulverised coal have not met with much success. Finely powdered coal is fed to the furnace in much the same way as oil, but so far a really satisfactory method of treatment has not been found, though experiments are proceeding.

A few Cunard Line engineers, practically unknown in the scientific world, have now produced a new fuel, which, if it passes the technical and commercial tests, may effect a revolution in fuel costs and be the means of putting our coal industry on its feet.

These Cunard engineers are not giving anything away meantime. They have been working on this process for about fifteen years, and should this new fuel fill the bill they may find themselves becoming famous.

All the same the project is not entirely veiled in secrecy. There are few schemes for the conversion of coal into oil unknown at the Government's Fuel Research Station, where tests and experiments are conducted every day.

Experiments with a mixture of oil and powdered coal are fairly common, but have invariably failed on mechanical and commercial grounds. It is said that the Cunard engineers have succeeded in eliminating a costly item in the process of mixing the finely ground powdered coal with the oil, and if this is so and they have produced a cheap fuel, the commercial difficulty may have been overcome.

The cost of a new fuel, if less than the cost of imported fuel oil, is bound to influence the Mercantile Marine in favour of its use—in these days every penny counts—while the extended use of coal is just what the coal industry wants to assist in removing its depression.

But before I express an optimistic opinion about the new experiment, I want to know more about its cost, efficiency and commercial possibilities.

You see, there are more than two hundred processes in existence for the conversion of coal into oil, and about a hundred of them were brought to my notice when I was at the Mines Department. For each of them the most remarkable claims were submitted. Several schemes were presented by reliable firms with the best of reputations, but others failed to show a shadow of commercial substance.

ALL sorts of appeals were made to me. I was the subject of cajolery—even threats were used. Questions were asked in Parliament, constituents of mine were approached—all with the object of securing a liberal measure of Government assistance for some of these schemes.

Everybody from the highest to the most humble wanted the same thing—money, and plenty of it. And they were all certain that if the nation would only adopt their particular and pet process we would find ourselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Yet I don't seem to have lost much by refusing to succumb to their blandishments—most of their schemes, anyway, appear to be a "wash out."

Not that interest is lacking in the problem of coal treatment for the purpose of reviving the industry and creating an abundant supply of oil at home. On the contrary, it was because the Mines Department and the Fuel Research Board revealed so much keenness to promote experiment and research that so many schemes were brought to our doors.

Everyone who came to us had a square deal, and I have no reason whatever to believe that the position has changed since then.

But there are several tests to be applied if the nation is to have a reasonable assurance of a return on any investment it may decide to make. Besides, it must be certain that the coal industry will reap the benefit of State assistance.

IN certain processes there is, in addition to the yield of oil, a quantity of gas and coke left for disposal. If these can be sold at a satisfactory price all is well; otherwise, however useful a scheme may be in a technical sense, it is hopelessly unprofitable. And where solid residuals enter into competition with coal there is no benefit to the coal industry.

Where the coal can be turned into oil without leaving any solids behind, producing a high volume of liquid—this is known as hydrogenation—the position is more satisfactory; though here again we must reckon with troublesome factors.

The oil produced in this fashion competes with imported oil, which is, of course, much cheaper. It therefore requires a preference. Moreover, the installation of plant involves enormous cost.

It is doubtful whether private firms are willing to find the money for a venture of this kind, and the State may have to come to their assistance.

Anyway, some means ought to be found for saving the coal industry. Our coal resources are a great potential oil field, which, on a strictly national view, should be developed.

If the Cunard Line has produced a fuel oil capable of passing the tests which are to be undertaken at the Government's Research Station, its experiment should receive State backing.

We must put our backs into any scheme which is capable of improving two of our key industries—shipping and coal.

## SIDE SLIPS

*Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.*

BELLINGHAM JOURNAL:—"To return home with a thankful heart to parents and others who made the journey IMPOSSIBLE."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"—— needed his handicap of twenty-three PINTS per game."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Mr. —— handed the doctor a PHOTOGRAPHER."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Master ——, whose clear DENUNCIATION WAS balanced by his perfect memory."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"Carrying his BATH for a faultless 63, which contained ten 4's."

HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Brown Jack who WAS most UNLUCKY to win."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"Very smart Limousine for hire for weddings and tours. A few SEAS vacant."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"A peal of joy bells will be SUNG to-night."

EVENING NEWS:—"Nineteen more URNS were put on for the last wicket."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. —— has made a new 'find.' This is a DANGER whom he discovered in the Atlas Mountains."

ALDERSHOT COMMAND NEWS:—"Their ANTIQUES with an 'old Ford car' made the crowd laugh heartily."

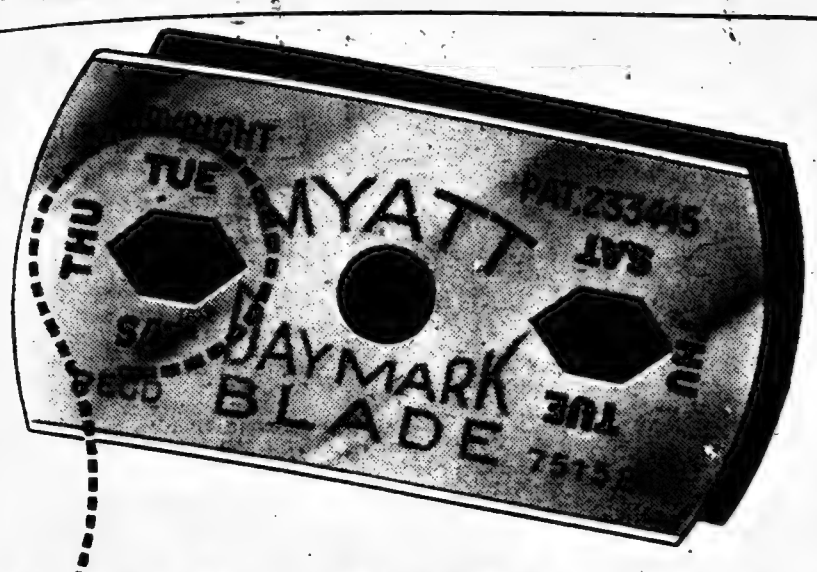
CALGARY DAILY HERALD:—"Reggie climbed from TOP TO BOTTOM of the steep bowl at terrific speed."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"Salmon and TOUT fishing, also rough shooting to let."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"There was a full-size model of the latest type of surf-boat and coastguard LIFE-SAVING apparatus."

ISLINGTON GAZETTE:—"Col. —— went on to refer to the forthcoming international conferences. Those held since the war had all been practically entirely barren of INSULTS."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"An army of HOSE sellers set out in London to-day to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Alexandra Rose Day."

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It means a keen, clean shave because you are shaving with a rested blade edge.

Follow the Daymark. Turn the blade over after shaving and you will be getting a perfect shave long after an ordinary blade would have been useless.

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**DAYMARK RAZOR SET**
Complete outfit includes Heavily plated Daymark Razor, Daymark Blade & Spare Blade Box all in Leatherette Spring lid case - - **2/6** COMPLETE
Superior models 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 21/-, 25/-

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NEVER FREE FROM PAIN

Mrs. LONGLEY, 39, Northfield Place, Rothwell Haigh, Yorks., writes:—"For years I suffered from Stomach Trouble. I had pain day and night, could not sleep and could not eat, in fact I could not bear the smell of food I had prepared. I sent for a 5/- bottle of Vitadatio and I began to feel great benefit. I am now on my 15th bottle and can assure you it is working wonderful on me."

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GIFT NO. N398. ***Gents' Lightweight Waterproof*** in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt.
All sizes from 34" chest to 44", increasing 2" a size.
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Choice of colours: Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
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Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.
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10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

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If you fill in and enclose this voucher with your application for the waterproof you need only send 115 coupons—counting this as 10. The B.D.V All-British Gift Book will be sent on application. 25/16.7.32/B

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No More Ugly Blackheads Enlarged Pores or Wrinkles Of Fatigue

Science now knows that every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation—then come blackheads, wrinkles of fatigue and coarse discoloured skin.

The new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy) dissolves pore deep dirt and soothes irritated skin pores. Blackheads fall away. Enlarged pores are contracted. Coarse, dark skin is softened and whitened.

This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It keeps the driest skin delicately moist and fresh. Takes the shine off an oily or greasy skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty—such as can be obtained in no other way.

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BET SAFELY WITH THE "BIG TWO" — THE BIG TWO — BET PRIVATELY WITH THE "BIG TWO"

The "BIG TWO" for the

## STEWARDS' CUP

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Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at the time of posting, in accordance with rules. No limit on single events.

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Every Commission acknowledged.

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If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

OUR BOOK OF RULES WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.


# READERS RE-TELL The BEST STORY I Ever Heard

MUMMIE was listening to little Dennis saying his prayers, while grannie sat knitting.

Towards the end of his prayers mummy was surprised to hear her little son raise his voice and positively roar, "And please can I have a motor-car for my birthday?"

"But, darling," she protested, "God isn't deaf!" "No!" answered the little chap serenely, "but grannie is!"—*K. Stephens, London, N.W.*

## She Was Willing

A lecturer was addressing a meeting of women on "The Duties of the Housewife," and remarked that it was the duty of every woman to mother her husband.

Wishing to see what impression this had made, he asked all those to stand who were willing to mother their better halves. Only one stood up.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I am pleased to see there is at least one who is willing to mother her husband."

"Mother your husband," cried the woman, "I thought you said smother your husband!"—*H. C., Stocksbridge.*

## Wanted George

"I 'aven't 'ad a drink for days," said a tramp to the landlady of the George and Dragon, "and I ain't got no money. D'yer think you could spare me a drop?"

"Certainly not," snapped the landlady, and the tramp slouched away.

A few moments later he was back again. "Well, what do you want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.—*A. H., Hulme.*

## He Wented

A young Birmingham schoolboy would persist in saying, "I have wented," till one day his exasperated teacher determined to cure him.

She kept him in after school laboriously writing "I have gone; I have gone," which was to be done five hundred times.

Finishing at last, the boy, finding his teacher gone, appended the following: "Dear Teacher, I have finished my task, so I have wented."—*Miss L. H., Essex.*

## Drawn Blank

"In reply to yours," wrote the distressed debtor in reply to a third letter from the hire-furnishing firm, "I beg to inform you that I have many bills to settle. Every week I place them in a hat, and pick out six, which I pay.

"Some day you may be one of the lucky ones; but if I receive any more of your threatening letters I shall not put you in my raffle!"—*I. W., Sheffield.*

## When to Call

An official was paying a visit of inspection to a prison, and took a taxi to the gates.

When getting out of the cab he said to the driver, "You may call for me later, my man," and was rather taken aback when the driver replied, "Yes, sir. But how long are you in for?"—*H. Slater, Cardiff.*

## Full Up

Entering the office of a colliery, a youth yelled at the manager, "Any jobs going?" The manager, astonished at this rude intrusion, promptly replied, "I'll show you how to seek employment."

Reaching for his hat, he motioned the youth to his seat. Returning, he knocked at the door, and, in response to the youth's gruff "Come in," he removed his hat and said, "Pardon me, sir, but have you a suitable vacancy in your colliery."

The youth instantly replied, "No, we have enough of your sort here already."—*S. H., Merthyr.*

## Scout Aid

He was a Boy Scout. Early one morning he went out of the house, to return soon after with face lit up.

"I've done my good turn to-day already, dad," he explained eagerly to his father. "I've just seen old Mr. and Mrs. Slowcombe on their way to the station. They told me they wanted to catch the 7.50 train to town.

"I knew they would never manage it at the rate they were going, so I set the bulldog on 'em, dad, an' they caught the train all right!"—*G. A. R., Southall.*

## Getting Ready

Father, mother, little son and grandfather lived together. Grandfather, getting old and feeble, broke so many cups and plates that father decided that grandpa should have a cup, saucer and plate made of wood.

A short while after the father came home from business to find his little boy with a piece of wood and a blunt knife. "What are you doing, sonny?" he asked.

"I'm making a plate like grandpa's ready for you when you are an old man."—*P. H., Cheshire.*

## Kind Delay

"Can you give me any idea as to when this house is going to be finished?" asked the future owner. "You see, I've arranged to be married as soon as it is complete."

"Don't worry about that, sir," said the foreman builder, sympathetically, "we'll 'ang the job out as long as we can."—*M. B., Bideford.*

## Quite Safe

While serving in Zululand a missionary had to go many miles to baptise a number of natives.

On arriving at the native village he was met by the chief, who said he could put his things inside a native kraal.

As there were no means of securing the entrance the missionary asked the chief whether his things would be safe there. He replied: "Yah, boss; no white man near here; things quite safe."—*C. Weir, Derby.*

## What Wife Means

A schoolmaster was giving a history lesson when he saw in the text-book the passage, "The general entered the town without opposition."

"What does 'opposition' mean?" he asked.

One small boy put up his hand. "Please, sir," he said, "it means he entered the town without his wife!"—*Mrs. G., Liverpool.*

## Wrong Target

My brother used to tell about a negro who was asked to supply a tame turkey for a Christmas dinner. The customer was insistent that it should be tame, and not wild.

When he began to carve the turkey he found it full of shot, and reproached the negro for having supplied a wild bird.

The negro replied: "In strict confidence dem shots was intended for me and not de turkey!"—*Miss S., Kidderminster.*

* * *

A man, the worse for drink, was trying to find a keyhole in a lamp-post, and was annoyed when the constable told him no one lived there. "You are a liar," he replied. "There's a light upstairs."—*L. H., Rugby.*

* * *

A woman always had a good word for everyone. One day the vicar said, "I think you would find something good in the devil She replied, "Well, he's very persevering."—*A. E. V., Peckham.*

* * *

An American visitor at Bude was "going one better" than all the other guests, so the hostess placed a large tortoise in his bed. On retiring he angrily demanded to know what it was. "Oh! That's only a North Devon bug," he was told. "Thank goodness, we haven't things like that in America," he replied.—*E. B., Devon.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter-Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 19.

**The Good Turn I Can Never Repay**

# Our Letter Parliament

## Race with "Silver Ring"

# MORE Like DOUGLAS

I HAVE lost count of the number of Liverpool Cups won by Lord Derby, but I believe it is over a score. As soon as the acceptors for the Summer Cup came to hand I looked for the Stanley House representative. This time it is Lady Derby's Zane Grey.

Zane Grey has an excellent chance of setting another trophy on the overcrowded sideboard. The Hon. G. Lambton has him in fine condition at the moment.

The Molyneux Cup, another of the Liverpool tit-bits, is a mild rehearsal for Goodwood's Stewards' Cup, and it looks good for Gold Bridge, one of the half-dozen I have given to coupon fans for the Sussex sprint.

The weights for the Stewards' Cup convince me that in Unlikely, Cockpen, Gold Bridge, Totaig, Bargany and Clustine I have suggested an excellent group for the "competitionists." The star selection is:

**UNLIKELY.**

Before filling in your competition forms study the *Sporting Life*. The latest news from training centres can be found therein. There is no better way of keeping in touch with the daily work of the horses you fancy than by reading regularly the *Sporting Life*, England's premier sporting daily newspaper.

Douglas, at 100 to 8, did Code follower a good turn at Alexandra Park. I hope to have another like this one at Sandown this week-end. In the meantime, I am revising my selection for the "Eclipse" and go for Goyescas.

Hill Cat carries the vote for the Anniversary Cup. Greenore may win the Surbiton Stakes.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 14, to Wednesday, July 20.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MKO96YW would read DASTUR

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

The 'smoke' he won't put out

BONDMAN

EMPIRE BLEND

IN AIRTIGHT TINS

10d PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND Dark Dark Virginia 11½D. PER OZ.



SHAVE WITH A "LAUREL"

THE FINEST BLADE OBTAINABLE IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE . . .

To pay less is to forego quality, to pay more is unnecessary.

GUARANTEED FINEST QUALITY TRADE MARK SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

"LAUREL" 11D 2 EACH

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

Sold by all Multiple Stores and Progressive Retailers.
Mnfs: GEO. H. LAWRENCE LTD., LAUREL WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENG.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING. BACKED BY HONESTY IN SERVICE.

An Important Announcement by JOHN NOBLE LTD.

**A New Sensation!** Every Club Organiser in the country should see our wonderful new catalogue! . . . A splendid production . . . magnetic . . . irresistible . . . wins members on sight! It contains over 300 pages . . . nearly one hundred beautifully illustrated in colour . . . forty-eight in rich sepia photogravure . . . a first-class "selling" catalogue! Wonderful bargains in Footwear, Furniture, Clothing and Household Goods.

**Clear Facts for You!** Organisers are paid a generous commission; Members receive unbeatable Value. Our advertising contains no mis-statements or misleading exaggerations. We have traded by post for over sixty years and have established a reputation for soundness and fair dealing which is the public's safeguard.

**Values Unheard of Before!** To-day, more than ever, people want the most and the best for their money . . . this new catalogue offers it. Even trade circles are wondering: "How is it done . . . ?" "Where do the goods come from?" . . . 95 per cent. ARE BRITISH! Never has so convincing a catalogue been available to club organisers . . . never has one offered grander bargains to club members! New Organisers wanted . . . previous experience not essential . . . send coupon NOW!

*Don't Delay! Post To-day!*

John Noble Ltd.
*Established over 60 years*
BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

COUPON. Post to JOHN NOBLE Ltd. (Dept. 87), BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

*Please send me full details of your Ideal Club Scheme and a copy of the wonderful new Bargain Catalogue.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

*The Ideal Club Grows Because John Noble's Value and Service are Unbeatable!* Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.


## £1,050 CASH WON in 'John Bull's' Crossword Competition No. 171.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 17 competitors, who share the £1,050 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £58 10s. 6d. will be sent — Miss E. Bertrand, 108, Stour Rd., Christchurch, Hants; S. Bramley, 58, Wright St., Coventry; E. Chittock, 48, Vernon St., Ipswich; Mrs. G. Doe, 50, Earlham Green Lane, Norwich; H. H. Fenwick, College Hospital, Torrington, Devon; J. H. Fradley, 67, Rose St., Hanley, Staffs.; T. Hunt, 1, Richardson St., Warrington; J. Hutchinson, 24, Alma Grove, York; J. F. McEachen, Lennox College, Verwood, Hereford; G. Mathew, 27, Adam St., Cardiff; J. Morrell, 66, Vernon Rd., Air-by-in-Ashfield, Notts; W. F. Smith, 2, South View, Cae Gwan, Mathenhead; Mrs. T. Wardle, 27, Marshall St., Hessle Av., Hull; Mrs. C. Watson, 174, Portland Rd., Hucknall, Notts; W. L. West, 58, Denbigh Rd., Walthamstow, E.17; C. Wise, 69, North St., West Rainton, Co. Durham; Mrs. E. G. Wraith, The Hawthorns, King's Rd., Llandudno, Conwy.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 26th, enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runner-up. This prize has been divided between 148 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive 7s. 1s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" office, and all have been notified.

**Great Holiday X-Word with splendid 2-in-1 First Prize on Page 32**

**Try Your Skill Now!**


Pain Ended!

Another remarkable tribute to Birley's

"Birley's Antacid Powder has done for me what nothing else seemed capable of doing. My indigestion, flatulence and difficulty of properly assimilating my food have completely vanished, and I am now FREE FROM ALL PAIN," writes R. G. Shuttleworth, Crown Hill Bakery, Plymouth.

Birley's Antacid Powder is the world's Best Remedy for Indigestion because it goes to the ROOT of the trouble. Acidity never corrects itself — that's why you NEED Birley's, Tasteless and Harmless. Safe to take at any time and at any age.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

At all Chemists including all branches of Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc. If your Chemist is out of stock, we will gladly supply direct, Post Paid, and bear the charge of Postal Order and Postage of your letter. Send therefore, only 1/- for the 1/3 size, 2/9 for the 3/- and 4/9 for the 5/-.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID LIMITED,
16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.



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Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 25 for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of their easy terms and unique Free Insurance Plan. Their unrivalled protection policy provides that in cases of illness or accident your instalments are paid for you. Send the Coupon NOW!



CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

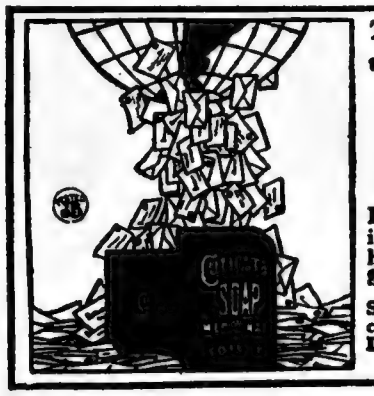
*Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.*

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*





*Testimonies from all parts of the world prove the beneficial results obtained from the use of*

Cuticura Preparations

Pimples, rashes, eczema and all forms of itching, burning skin troubles are quickly healed by regular use of **Cuticura Soap** and **Ointment.**

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.



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A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

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From £3-10s CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE DEPT. 24 COVENTRY.

# FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE for "John Bull's" amusing X-word

FIRST PRIZE

## 25/- and £25

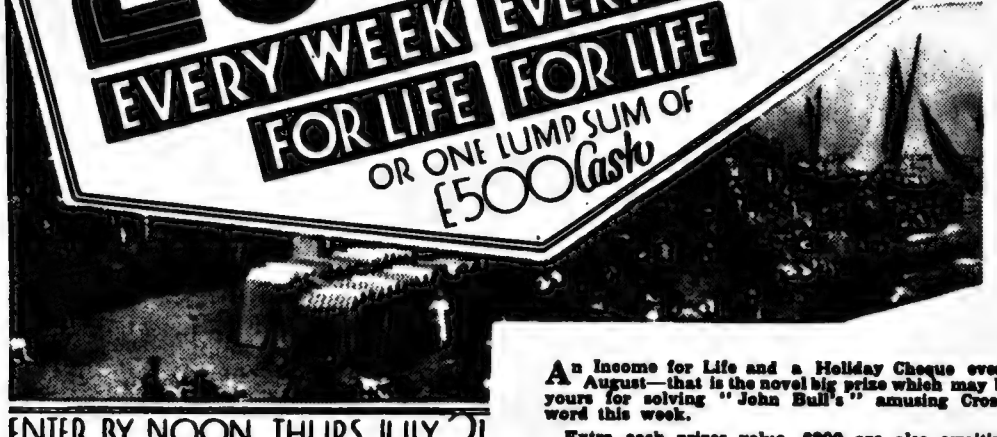
EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE

EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500 Cash

## £100 INCREASED HOLIDAY AWARD FOR RUNNERS UP

**BONUS** of £100 to be shared by Runners-up who submit TWO SIXPENNY COUPONS in same envelope. £100



ENTER BY NOON, THURS JULY 21

An Income for Life and a Holiday Cheque every August—that is the novel big prize which may be yours for solving "John Bull's" amusing Crossword this week.

Extra cash prizes value £200 are also awaiting you—fill up these squares to-night!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £5a. a week and a £25 Holiday Cheque yearly (or £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 28, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 4.

**WINNERS IN X-WORD No. 171 on Page 31.**

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 173. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON) JULY 21.

JB·173

JB·173

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O.

No.....

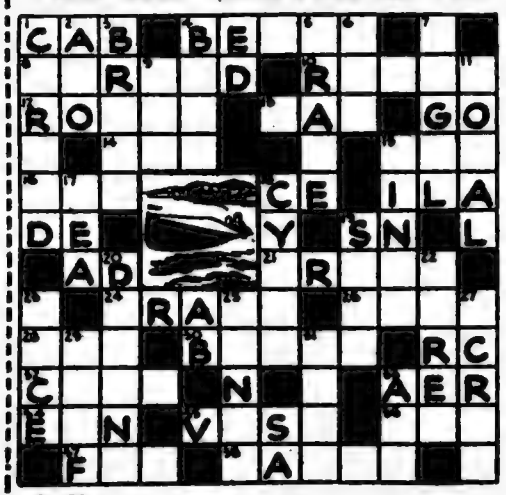
P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover two squares and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares. Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

*SIGNED* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 173. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON) JULY 21.



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*SIGNED* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

## CLUES ACROSS.

1. Seen at the station.
4. It, looks bare in winter.
8. Reached agreement.
10. Sometimes goes through mill.
12. We hook these at seaside.
13. Makes a pup happy.
14. Often follows bowling of ball.
15. Is seen when torch is lit.
16. Largest deer.
21. Sediment.
24. Make a speech.
26. Serpents.
28. Equip with weapons.
30. Fly open.
32. It's made in circular form.
34. An age.
35. Endorsement to passport.
36. The ocean.
37. Sometimes slaughtered in the field.
38. May wreck your happiness.

## CLUES DOWN.

1. When furniture's this, it's easily damaged.
2. Time past.
3. Seen running along in the country.
4. Supreme in quality.
5. Often used when despatching goods.
6. Strike.
7. Such a proclamation must be obeyed.
9. Large Australian bird.
11. Relating to royalty.
15. Denote character of aircraft.
17. Meadow.
18. Drink made from apples.
19. You sit on this.
20. Mask used at balls.
22. Joyous outing.
23. Dare.
25. Soldier's coat.
27. This is poor food.
29. Is on top of a house.
31. American policeman often shown.
33. Donkey.

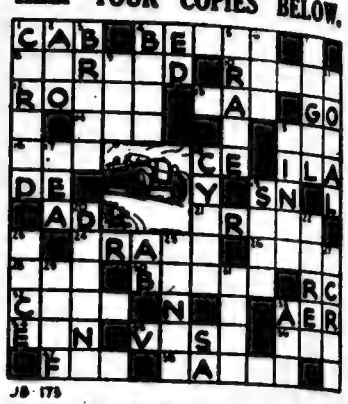
**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.**—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

## HELPFUL NEW FEATURE.

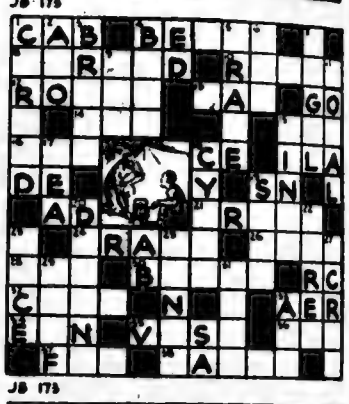
We provide below four miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle so that you can easily keep copies of your Solutions.

Each entrant is allowed two sixpenny entries and by sending two you may share an extra £100 Bonus.

## KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.



JB 173



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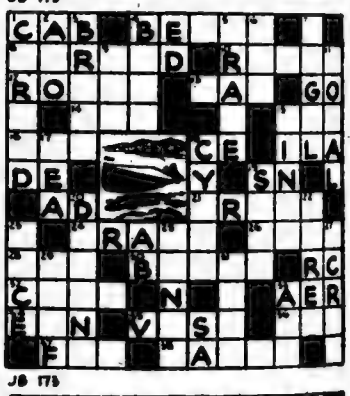

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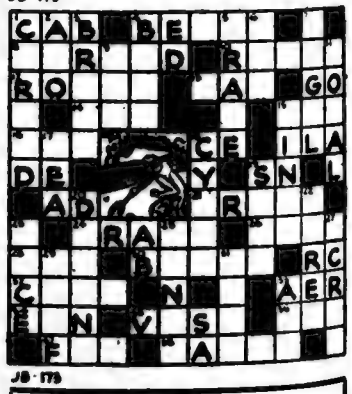


JB·173

**ADDRESS ENTRY:**

JOHN BULL CROSSWORD No. 173.

57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

## READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / : write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 21st.

2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 4th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 16th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of above award.

5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.**

**ENTRY FEE:—With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING (See Rule 1.)**

*If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.*

# The Editor LAUGHS Last

*N. K. (London, E.).—"My husband weighs eighteen stone" . . .*

*. . . . A handy fellow at holiday time!*

JIM (Balham).—"I asked my wife to be fair." And is she a blonde now?

C. M. (Ilford).—"Business losses have compelled me to start economising." Then use fewer postage stamps.

H. T. (Wembley).—"Though I hated the fellow, I had to ask him to call at my house again." Your tax-collector?

W. T. (Leeds).—"Now if there were the least humour in this page——" You wouldn't be able to see it.

G. M. (Manchester).—"I have become grey-haired trying to keep young." How many have you? A quiverful?

J. A. (Hornsey).—"My father is a director in the City." What does he direct? Traffic?

R. M. (Bury).—"I am waiting for something to turn up." Then let your sleeves set it an example.

R. G. D. (Strand).—"London's statues want cleaning badly." But what's the use of cleaning them badly?

H. F. (Bow).—"My doctor has compelled me to give up cigars." We know—he's just sent in his bill.

HIRER (Ealing).—"What is the best thing to take on a summer walking-tour?" Money for 'bus fares.

T. B. (Wimbledon).—"What would the London parks be without the bands?" Peaceful.

G. K. (Croydon).—"What is alimony?" Just another war debt a lot of ex-husbands would like to see cancelled.

E. B. (London, S.W.).—"There is a story in every girl's face." And she has made it up herself, of course.

V. E. (Oxford).—"Some motorists never stop to think." And others never think to stop.

W. B. (Finchley).—"A man can't expect to keep his job if he is always behind." What about a railway guard?

P. S. (Berwick).—"I have a friend who tells me that nothing in the world can equal matrimonial bliss." When is he getting married?

T. B. (Sandwich).—"An American claims to have spent twenty hours on a golf course without stopping." He deserved to find the ball.

STUDENT (Chelsea).—"I am thinking of being a journalist, and want to know where I had better start writing to get money." Home.

C. D. (Hastings).—"I say we ought to take our hats off to the past." It would be best to take our coats off to the future.

A. G. (Lincoln).—"No news is always good news." Except for reporters.

H. G. (Ipswich).—"Are hedgehogs gentle pets?" They prove rather a rough handful.

M. G. (Blackpool).—"The American is usually an expert at his job." A fine craftsman, so to speak.

Miss A. S. (Ware).—"Women's evening frocks are longer than ever." Especially the shoulder straps.

E. D. (Edgware).—"I am afraid to ask her to marry me because I am a bit of a rolling-stone." Be a little boulder.

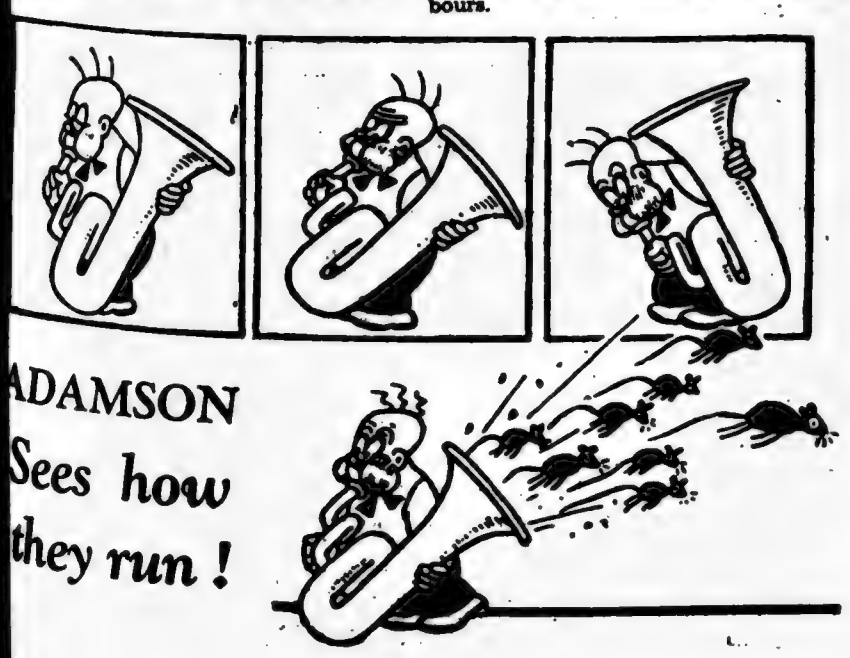
D. E. (Fulham).—"How many women pause for reflection?" All—in front of a mirror.

A. L. (Sutton).—"Baldness adds to the dignity of middle age." It gives a man a certain polish.

M. Y. W. (Bromley).—"What is the difference between a blonde and a brunette?" We believe the answer is a bottle of peroxide.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"There is no such word as 'impossible.'" You have evidently never tried to borrow money from another artist.

Miss P. (Gillingham).—"How long does the average cat live?" It all depends on the marksmanship of the neighbours.




IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

H. M. (Barnes).—"It would be a good thing if politicians were familiar with the great questions of the day." And a better if they knew the answers.

Miss JANE (Bloomsbury).—"A well-known Harley Street doctor advises a walk in Hyde Park every morning." This, of course, is especially useful to those residing in John o' Groat's.

R. M. (Bath).—"A marathon runner was completely doubled up when he arrived at the winning-post during a recent sports meeting." Bent on reaching his destination.

D. R. (Plymouth).—"A patent window-cleaner is to be put on the market." This will perhaps enable the old-fashioned model to attend an occasional cricket-match.

R. W. (Colne).—"Why do so many newspaper men advise everybody to take their summer holidays early every year?" So that they can have the beach to themselves in August.

A. D. (Chislehurst).—"New Guinea natives build their houses in the tops of trees." What fun to pull out the bath-plug when the rate-collector is knocking on the trunk below!

B. C. (Hendon).—"There are nearly thirteen hundred different types of whistles." But after about the six hundredth the average dog owner gives up the idea and chases the little beggar.

W. R. (Pinner).—"At what time of the year does the sun shine most?" Just after we have got back from a holiday.

H. B. (Sutton).—"What are the chief causes of yawning?" We are afraid we have not sufficient room here to quote the long list of novelists and playwrights.

L. N. (Blyth).—"My neighbour's wireless set was stolen over a year ago, and he has just had it returned to him." Bad luck!

J. C. D. (Blackpool).—"The touring actor soon gets used to the adverse criticism of his audiences." The first hundred jeers are the worst.

M. W. (Hampstead).—"It is thirty-two centuries since the first bit of fiction was written." Good. That clears us of having invented the rejection slip.

F. W. (Bakewell).—"What do you think of my article on modern bad manners?" That it is always best to write of that you know best.

T. H. (Bournemouth).—"Wireless programmes have been heard at the bottom of the sea, in coal mines and at the North Pole." Then where can one go?

E. R. (Dulwich).—"There are said to be two million homes in Britain without a cradle." Nowadays the baby is kept in the garage.

D. C. (Orpington).—"The man who advised me to send the enclosed poems to you is a great friend of mine." He's no friend of ours.

JOHN W. (Brixton).—"An actor promised to pay a creditor when he becomes a leading man." He will "foot the bill" when he "tops the bill."

G. F. C. (Burnley).—"I have a three weeks' holiday coming—but it's without pay." Put in half an hour's overtime on *Bullets* this week and your pay may come from JOHN BULL. Fifty big Holiday Cheques are waiting to be won on page 35.

H. J. (Leeds).—"A Midlands man recently climbed 150 ft. to the top of a factory chimney." It is astounding what nervous pedestrians will do to avoid the traffic.

H. W. (Teignmouth).—"More people are killed by motor-cars than by aeroplanes." But then the number of people who stroll about in the air is strictly limited.

R. B. (London).—"A pigeon recently flew into a Whitehall Government office window." Probably the bird was anxious to find a quiet site for nesting operations, and was looking for a pigeonhole marked "Urgent."

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*


## "A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES."

**Flush out through the kidneys the impurities which contribute to High Blood Pressure, says medical man.**

If the constantly forming mineral impurities, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., are permitted to remain in the blood they are sure to deposit on walls of the arteries, which then lose their elasticity and can no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. Any shock, excitement, or quick exertion may easily affect the heart so as to prove fatal. Before it is too late, drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of an inexpensive compound put up under the registered name of 'Alkia Saltrates' (powder form). Any chemist can supply it at slight cost. This alkaline medicinal water will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities and flush the kidneys. Then notice how much better you feel. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back immediately and without a word. Try it before you decide to incur the expense of visiting some famous hot mineral spring to drink medicinal water *similar both in composition and effects.*

## What has Fate in store for You?

Are you compelled to powder frequently to hide a shiny nose, greasy face, and bad complexion defects? Your whole future happiness may depend on such seemingly small things as this. It has been absolutely proved that there is no one thing about a woman by which a man is so attracted as a beautiful complexion.

A great skin specialist has made this amazing beauty discovery. By scientifically blending in face powder a new ingredient called Mousse of Cream, the powder is made to stay on all day long. Even windy or rainy weather or perspiration while dancing does not affect the marvellous complexion it gives.

Mousse of Cream is now combined by a patented process with Poudre Tokalon. It banishes ugly shine forever, and the coarsest skin takes on astonishing new beauty. Famous actresses, cinema stars and beauty queens all the world over state how much they owe to their use of Poudre Tokalon. Thousands who have won rich husbands admit they owe their success in large measure to the marvellous complexion it imparts. Only 1/- a box. Double size 1/6.

## BOILS?

Why suffer? Relief is sure with Burgess' Lion Ointment, because GUARANTEED. For satisfaction or money refunded Guarantee Form, write Edwin Burgess, Ltd., London, W.C.1. 85 years of successful cures. Quick, safe. Mr. T. A. W. writes:—"I suffered agony with Boils, Carbuncles and Abscesses, and it was not until I tried Lion that I found relief."—Lion Ointment, from Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

# "Oh, My Poor Legs!"

## *"I Simply Must Sit Down!"*

## *That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it?*
## *That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?*

Do your legs throb and burn until you "simply must sit down"?

Are you hampered in your work and your play by that sensation of weight and weariness in the limbs? In short, do you suffer from varicose veins?

Varicose veins are not merely a source of discomfort and weariness, but, together with kindred ailments such as varicose ulcers, hæmorrhoids, hardened arteries and glands, weak heart, and relaxed conditions generally, they undermine the health, give rise to acute conditions of debility, impose hampering restrictions and often endanger the very life of the sufferer.

Get on your feet now! Free yourself from aches and pains and weariness! Be active and enjoy life with the best of them!

"Good advice," you say.

Yes, but good advice backed by something better—a wonderful new discovery.

Long and patient research work has at last revealed the true cause of leg troubles—a deficiency in the blood—and an entirely new treatment is the result.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This new biological treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

## *What Users of Elasto Say—*

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*"Now walk long distances with ease."*
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*"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."*
*"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
*"Now free from piles."*
*"I feel 10 years younger."*
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*"Varicose veins completely gone."*
*"All signs of phlebitis gone."*
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**These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.**

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Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health*. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsis, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

## *Send for FREE Sample*

**Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!**

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## *Elasto Will Save You Pounds*

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

SEP

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Not only against bathing risks, but against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accident. JOHN BULL

## JOHN BULL
## *pays*
## £250

covers you free. As one reader expressed it the other day: "One does not realise what a blessing this free insurance can be until calamity comes."

It is a matter of a moment only to sign the forms, but it may be a matter of lifelong regret if you fail to do so.

### Holiday Concession

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FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

*Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent*

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B 16/7/32

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**
"John Bull" Registration Department,
123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

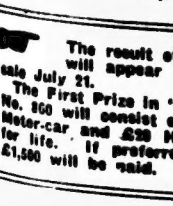
Address .....
.....
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 16/7/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!
JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

# BE QUICK FOR YOUR SHARE OF £10,000!



**SENSATION follows sensation in JOHN BULL'S £10,000 Holiday Campaign! The prize-money is increased yet again this week—but the fifty big Holiday Prizes offered are within your reach for a few days only.**

**After that splendid First of £700 and a Holiday Cheque for £10 every August as long as you live, come forty-nine other big opportunities for you to enjoy a *Bullets* Holiday this year. Study these prizes above—see what an enormous total of cash they mean for "Bulleteers"—make up your mind to be somewhere in *Bullets* Big Fifty!**

First read through the ***Examples*** **below and jot down any rough ideas that they bring to your mind. Your object, remember, is to compress your first thoughts into TWO, THREE or FOUR everyday words of some apt and original comment against the *Example* chosen.**

For instance, suppose you take the ***Example*** **WORSE STILL. The word "war" comes into your mind. You jot it down. Then you think of the phrase "War To The Knife." Then a bright idea strikes you, and you twist one of its words. You jot down WORSE STILL—WAR TO THE *Wife*, and there is a *Bullet*.**

Before beginning on your efforts, however, spend a little time studying the selection of this year's First Prize ***Bullets*** **below, which have won a total of over £13,000 cash for the entrants who constructed them.**

(£600) AT LIFE'S BANQUET—"GOOD *Things*" PASS "*Waiter*."
(£1,250) AT THE PITHEAD—FOR VALOUR—"THANKS, MATE!"
(£560) PUBLICITY—"TORCH"—OR "BRANDING IRON."
(£1,250) HARD TO ESCAPE—LIE'S CONSEQUENCES—CONSEQUENTLY, LIES.
(£500) TO CONQUER THE WORLD—SONNY'S AMBITION—GARDEN, FATHER'S.
(500 Gns.) BE BOLD AND—*Don't* BRAVE LIFE ALONE!
(4,500 Gns.) IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*.
(£500 SWEET MEMORY—LOCK IN LOCKET UNLOCKS.
(£600) TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN—HELP—IT'S "YOUR PLACE."
(1,250 Gns.) BACHELOR PRINCE—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* "CONQUERED."
(£1,000) CLIMBING THE TREE—ASPIDISTRA—PRIVET—SHRUBBERY—PARK.
(£600) THEIR CAR—CREATES SENSATION—SCENTS CREATION.

Any of these winners might well have been made up by you So start on your efforts now and enter by Saturday, July 23, if you want to join this week's Fifty Holiday winners.

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 858

BRITAIN v. IRELAND
BATSMAN RAMSAY
FURIOUSLY
THE YEARS FLY PAST, BUT
TAXPAYER'S NIGHTMARE
WORSE STILL
ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE WHEN
WEATHER PROPHET
THROWN OVERBOARD
ON HIS HEAD
BUMP OF INTELLIGENCE
FINGER ON THE TRIGGER
CAUGHT BY THE TIDE
TOO HOT
GIRL IN THE BOAT
NERVOUS BRIDEGROOM
OPEN
BABY CAR
MATTER OF SECONDS
KEEP MOVING OR
MAKES ME GROAN
WITHOUT
A NEW MAN
CURED HER
IN THE FRONT ROW
WHEN AUNTIE BATHES
LAME EXCUSE
BALDERDASH
HER JOB
MADE HIM LOOK SMALL
BRILLIANT
HEARD AT THE STATION

**"BULLETS" RULES.**—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3 The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

**The result of Competition No. 855 will appear in our next issue, on sale July 21.**

**The First Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 860 will consist of £1,250 cash, a £225 Motor-car and £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life. If preferred, one lump sum of £1,500 will be paid.**

# FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

"I ASSERT that no other periodical in existence packs so much news, interest, advice, help, precept, warnings, comments, criticism, instruction and atmosphere into so few pages—it's brilliant."

Thus writes Mr. E. E. Pickering, 52, Frank Street, Preston, one of hundreds of readers of *Bullets Bulletin* who owe their success to this free aid.

When you find your own name in the prize-list as a result of *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance, you will realise that the sixpence you spent on a supply was the best investment you have ever made.

No charge whatever is made for *Bullets Bulletin* itself. That sixpence you pay is expended by JOHN BULL on posting to you for twelve weeks the best guide, philosopher and friend which any "Bulleteer" could have.

**BONUS AWARD.—The £600 awarded in Bullets No. 854 to Mrs. L. Stappard, Fern Hill Farm, Hexham-on-Tyne, has been augmented by the £200 Bonus offered in connection with this contest.**

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

**If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.**

**Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 858, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

**The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 854 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. R. Denton, 19-21, Battle Hill, Hexham-on-Tyne.**

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 858 usually purchase "John Bull."**

## USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

*Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

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CUT HERE

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Address .....

.....

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Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B 16/7/32

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**
"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/7/32.

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JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
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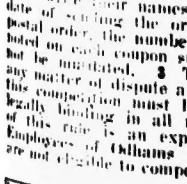
State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department,
27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

## BE QUICK FOR YOUR SHARE OF £10,000!



SENSATION follows sensation in JOHN BULL's £10,000 Holiday Campaign! The prize-money is increased yet again this week—but the fifty big Holiday Prizes offered are within your reach for a few days only.

After that splendid First of £700 and a Holiday Cheque for £10 every August as long as you live, come forty-nine other big opportunities for you to enjoy a *Bullets* Holiday this year. Study these prizes above—see what an enormous total of cash they mean for "Bulleteers"—make up your mind to be somewhere in *Bullets* Big Fifty!

First read through the *Examples* below and jot down any rough ideas that they bring to your mind. Your object, remember, is to compress your first thoughts into TWO, THREE or FOUR everyday words of some apt and original comment against the *Example* chosen.

For instance, suppose you take the *Example* WORSE STILL. The word "war" comes into your mind. You jot it down. Then you think of the phrase "War To The Knife." Then a bright idea strikes you, and you twist one of its words. You jot down WORSE STILL—WAR TO THE *Wife*, and there is a *Bullet*.

Before beginning on your efforts, however, spend a little time studying the selection of this year's First Prize *Bullets* below, which have won a total of over £13,000 cash for the entrants who constructed them.

(£600) AT LIFE'S BANQUET—"GOOD *Things*" PASS "*Waiter*."
(£1,250) AT THE PITHEAD—FOR VALOUR—"THANKS, MATE!"
(£500) PUBLICITY—"TORCH"—OR "BRANDING IRON."
(£1,250) HARD TO ESCAPE—LIE'S CONSEQUENCES—CONSEQUENTLY, LIES.
(£500) TO CONQUER THE WORLD—SONNY'S AMBITION—GARDEN, FATHER'S.
(500 Gns.) BE BOLD AND—*Don't* BRAVE LIFE ALONE!
(4,500 Gns.) IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*.
(£500 SWEET MEMORY—LOCK IN LOCKET UNLOCKS.
(£600) TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN—HELP—IT'S "YOUR PLACE."
(1,250 Gns.) BACHELOR PRINCE—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* "CONQUERED."
(£1,000) CLIMBING THE TREE—ASPIDISTRA—PRIVET—SHRUBBERY—PARK.
(£600) THEIR CAR—CREATES SENSATION—SCENTS CREATION.

Any of these winners might well have been made up by you So start on your efforts now and enter by Saturday, July 23, if you want to join this week's Fifty Holiday winners.

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 858

BRITAIN v. IRELAND
BATSMAN RAMSAY
FURIOUSLY
THE YEARS FLY PAST, BUT
TAXPAYER'S NIGHTMARE
WORSE STILL
ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE WHEN
WEATHER PROPHET
THROWN OVERBOARD
ON HIS HEAD
BUMP OF INTELLIGENCE
FINGER ON THE TRIGGER
WITHOUT
CAUGHT BY THE TIDE
TOO HOT
GIRL IN THE BOAT
NERVOUS BRIDEGROOM
OPEN
BABY CAR
MATTER OF SECONDS
KEEP MOVING OR
MAKES ME GROAN
A NEW MAN
CURED HER
IN THE FRONT ROW
WHEN AUNTIE BATHES
LAME EXCUSE
BALDERDASH
HER JOB
MADE HIM LOOK SMALL
BRILLIANT
HEARD AT THE STATION

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3 The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 855 will appear in our next issue, on sale July 21.

The First Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 860 will consist of £1,250 cash, a £225 Motor-car and £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life. If preferred, one lump sum of £1,500 will be paid.

## FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

"I ASSERT that no other periodical in existence packs so much news, interest, advice, help, precept, warnings, comments, criticism, instruction and atmosphere into so few pages—it's brilliant."

Thus writes Mr. E. E. Pickering, 52, Frank Street, Preston, one of hundreds of readers of *Bullets Bulletin* who owe their success to this free aid.

When you find your own name in the prize-list as a result of *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance, you will realise that the sixpence you spent on a supply was the best investment you have ever made.

No charge whatever is made for *Bullets Bulletin* itself. That sixpence you pay is expended by JOHN BULL on posting to you for twelve weeks the best guide, philosopher and friend which any "Bulleteer" could have.

BONUS AWARD.—The £400 awarded in Bullets No. 854 to Mrs. L. Staggard, Fern Hill Farm, Hexham-on-Tyne, has been augmented by the £200 Bonus offered in connection with this contest.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(858) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 23. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 858, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 854 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. R. Denton, 19-21, Battle Hill, Hexham-on-Tyne.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 858 usually purchase "John Bull."

### USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co.'), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

*Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

# Another "TRIUMPH" LUXURY SALOON

# FREE! THIS WEEK

***Twelve words and a 6d. packet of Shard Blades, are all you need to enter this contest.***

GET a quicker, cleaner shave—pay less for it—and at the same time win a splendid new Triumph Super Seven Luxury Four-Door Saloon Car!

**Shard blades—in the new patent cellophane-wrapped packet—cost only 6d. for 4. Thousands of men are using them every day—and to introduce Shard blades to a still wider public, a Triumph car is offered as prize in a great contest.**

All you have to do to enter is to buy a 6d. packet of Shard blades, shave with a Shard, and write down your opinion of the blades in not more than 12 words.

Shard blades are sold everywhere, including Boots, Taylors, Parkes, Halfords and W. H. Smith & Sons.

There is a form for your entry included in this advertisement. Fill that in boldly in ink—giving your name and address—and post with the front of your Shard packet to—

**Contest No. 3, Shard Blades, C. L. Shard & Co., Ltd., 212/214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.**

Closing date—noon, Monday, July 25th.

Send in as many entries as you like in a sealed envelope with a 1½d. stamp affixed, but each entry must be accompanied by the front of a Shard packet.

The prize will be awarded for the entry that is most apt and original in its reference to Shard blades, and the contest will be judged by a Committee of Experts. The Car must be won. No claims are required and no correspondence can be entered into.

The winner of Contest No. 3 will be notified by post and will be announced in the "Daily Herald" on July 28th.

***"TRIUMPH" SUPER-SEVEN COACHBUILT SALOON.***

This superb Triumph Saloon has: Silent-as-a crankshaft, vibrationless engine, Lockheed Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rear petrol tank, four doors with no central pillars, sliding roof, dipping head-lights, safety glass windscreen and absolutely complete equipment.

List Price £195. Delivered free to your home in Great Britain.

*Simple Quick-Result Contest. Must be Won by Mon July 25th Open to all*

**SHARD BLADES CONTEST No. 3.**

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(*Write* 12 *words here*).

I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(*Write clearly in ink*).

J.B.3

# SHARD BLADES 6D for 4

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